THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

DYING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CARRIE MYER.

Thro' the gloom-engirded valley,
Where the pallid terrors rally
At their monarch's call;
Thro' the chill and fearful shadows,
O'er the still, grief-haunted meadows,
Swiftly passing all;
O'er the river, endless flowing
On the bright shore, I am going
Past the tears and pain,
Past the care and weary sighing!
Dearest, best one! this is dying
But to live again!

Balmy wave of seraph pinions,
Breathings from the sweet dominions,
Gently fan my brow;
He, the crucified and lowly
King of Salem, high and holy,
He is with me now!
With the spirit's solemn pressage
There is borne the loving message
"Come to God on high,
He will guard thine upward flying!"
Dearest, best one! this is dying
As I've wished to die!

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARION HARLAND,

Author of "Alone,' "The Hidden Path," "Miriam," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

"The spring" was between three and four hundred yards distant from the mansion-house, at the foot of the hill on which the building was situated; and beyond the arch of rude masonry covering the fountain arose another eminence, thickly wooded and cleft with ravines—the outskirts of the extensive forests attached to the plantation.

The night was cold, but there was no wind stirring, and far up towards the zenith the moon rode in unclouded majesty. The frosted earth and brittle grass crackled under Robert's tread as he sought the trysting-place. The walk was a familiar one and a favorite with him; doubly dear since the scene of four months agone that had hallowed the rustic fount forever. With the gurgling flow of its waters had been blent the first vows of love he had breathed in the ear of her who now sat awaiting him upon the gray stone that had been their resting-place then. She was not alone. Withdrawn to a respectful distance behind her mistress stood a woman whom Robert recognized with a kindly "How-do you do, Sally?"

Helen arose immediately and took his proffered arm. Until he spoke she had remained quietly seated, her head resting upon her hand, apparently buried in absorbing thought.

"Have I kept you waiting?" he asked. "I was afraid that I should. Gabriel may have met with unavoidable delays in delivering your note, fertile in ruses though he is, nor could I get away directly it reached me without attracting attention."

"You came sooner than I expected. You may have thought my message a singular one, but I wished to talk with you, and I knew that we could not procure the opportunity for uninterrupted conversation anywhere within doors this evening."

"Not in the 'grotto?'" asked Robert, smiling. "Do not apologize, I entreat you! Your suggestion—it was too modest to be called a request, much less an appointment—was highly proper and eminently acceptable. The most starched prude in America could not condemn it, especially as Sally is in attendance," casting a backward glance at the girl, who, with her shawl wrapped about her head, in true Dinah fashion—had seated herself in the shadow of the stone arch.

Helen tried to imitate his mirthful tone.

"You surely know why I brought her along?"

"To keep away the bugaboos until I should make my appearance, I presume."

"To prevent molestation from bugaboos, indeed—but not of the species which children dread. Time was, when I was careless of forms and customs, for I had only myself to consider. Now, as my good aunt will certify—I am growing prudent, very like other people. You and I need no one to play propriety, but since others would advise the attendance of a duenna—a somnferous one is better than none—I bow to the decree. But not to postpone the discussion of the subject which I wished to broach to you, I have heard two pieces of news since dinner that have disquieted me. One was that your aunt intends leaving your house and taking up her abode at Maple Hill. Is this true?"

Robert fairly whistled with astonishment.

"She does contemplate such a change, but the matter is yet in abeyance, and inasmuch as the proposition originated with Aleck, the thought never entered her mind until last night. It baffles me to guess how the story could have reached you so soon. Why, the busiest tattler of whom we have any record—the renowned little bird of the air, could hardly have borne the tidings in this time!"

"Mrs. Catlin mentioned it as a settled thing to another lady, and in my hearing. She had it directly from Miss Ruth, she stated, having stopped at Greenfield on her way to Bellview. But, Robert! please dissuade her from this step! It has been a serious and constant fear with me, that I may not contribute so much to your happiness as you anticipate, for I know my grievous shortcomings. Do not add to your disappointment the loss of your aunt—your second mother. Beg her from me to stay with you! You will miss her more than you dream of; you will need her gentle offices, her unfailing consideration for your feelings and comfort; her steady affection! You cannot exist without these. Say to her that I am miserable in the thought of causing any change in her household; that I will never interfere with her plans; that matters shall be conducted according to her wishes, not mine; that I will endeavor to accommodate myself to her just ideas in everything; study to be dutiful—I cannot but be affectionate to her—if she will continue to live with you!"

"My precious girl! what an impulsive creature you are! You plead like a frightened child, who fears to be left alone with me! Am I such an ogre that Aunt Ruth must not abandon you to my tender mercies? Before we go any further, dear Helen," he continued, dropping his jesting tone; "I must say one thing. Whether Aunt Ruth remains an inmate of my house or not, you, and not she, must be its mistress, its irresponsible controller. She understands this. It is no novel idea to her, and she has the good sense to admit the wisdom of the arrangement. If she goes to Maple Hill, it will not be to avoid the necessity of taking what would be her proper place in my family, in the event of my marriage, but at Aleck's instance and earnest solicitation. He will be very lonely there without her, he represents, and no man of my acquaintance is less fitted than he to be happy in veritable bachelor establishment."

Helen brought out her next sentence with an effort.

"But, in time, he will have no need of her in the capacity of housekeeper or companion, if what we have heard be true."

"An important '*if*!' Taking it for granted that he means to install his Fraulein as Mrs. Ley to the course of a year or less, I question her ability to undertake the charge of an American *menage*. He has not showed any disposition to speak upon this point since his return, and I would not force his confidence. Aleck is a queer fellow in some respects. The very depth and might of his feelings seem to deprive him of the power to express them fluently. I can divine them, yet loving one another as we do, there are many reserves on both sides. If he marries a true, loving woman, who can enter into the peculiarities of his disposition, she may unseal the tide. I hope that his Gretchen, if she be indeed his, may bring him one-half the heart satisfaction, the fullness of joy that my love has brought me!"

There was no "Amen" from the figure at his side. They were rambling along a narrow footpath, which wound about the slope of the wooded hill, and her regards were bent upon the ground.

"You will speak to your aunt, tell her what my earnest desire and petition is, however—will you not?" she said, abruptly recurring to the original topic.

"Assuredly, if you still wish it!"

"I do!"

They stopped under a large oak tree, whose far-reaching branches cast fantastic shadows upon the whitened turf of the hillside. Helen withdrew her hand from Robert's hold, and folding her arms, leaned against the giant trunk of the forest monarch and appeared to be lost in the contemplation of the landscape.

"Colonel Floyd has the finest site for a house that can be found on this side of the Potomac," observed Robert. "It crowns that knoll grandly."

"That reminds me that I have another matter on my mind," replied Helen, arousing herself. "I was so fortunate or unfortunate, as the event will decide, as to overhear awhile ago, a part of a conversation between two ladies, that was not intended for the ears of any member of Colonel Floyd's family."

"It was delicate and kind in them to introduce such matter while partaking of his hospitality!" was Robert's ironical interruption.

"His extravagance and gaming propensities," said Helen, "were animadverted upon in one sentence, for I heard but two. The other imparted the, to me, unpleasing intelligence that he was heavily in your debt, you having, it was said, lent him money at several different times. I trust this is a mistake or a fabrication."

Robert touched.

"The meddling gossip was partly correct, but I am sorry that you troubled yourself about her story. We should have no secrets from each other, and I do not see why those pertaining to money matters should be an exception to this rule. I have let Colonel Floyd have a small sum now and then, but not enough to beggar me should he never return any part of the amount."

"It was very unwise in you!" replied Helen, reprovingly. "You should have remembered what reputation he bears among his creditors. They say that he never pays debts that honest men consider sacred and confidential unless forced to it by the strong arm of the law. He is thoroughly conscious that you will never resort to this means of recovering what you have advanced. Now—answer me frankly—were his applications to you for assistance out of his difficulties made prior to our—our—to the formation of our present relations?"

"What terrible 'relations' they must be to require that tremendous amount of stammering and circumlocution! I have a wretched memory for dates!"

"I am answered! It is as I have suspected! He has taken a base and unwarrantable, a most indelicate advantage of your attachment to his ward to extort money from you! He is no stranger to your generous and pliant temper! Ho! reckoned shrewdly upon his customer. It is infamous!"

"Gently! gently, Nelly dear! Do not tilt too ferociously with your windmill before daylight is let in upon it! There was no extortion in the affair. He was 'hard up'—excuse the slang! I was easy in purse, and felt it to be a privilege, not a hardship, to help a neighbor in his embarrassment."

"I comprehend fully! My opinion is unchanged, Robert! but I have a favor to ask of you in *my* turn. It is not fair that Colonel Floyd should enjoy a monopoly of this kind of business."

"Make it a hundred, and consider them all granted!"

Helen was not to be beguiled out of her earnestness.

"Never lend Colonel Floyd another dollar! Learn to say 'No!'"

"I [will—to everybody excepting a little lady of my acquaintance, who cannot ask an unreasonable thing!" rejoined he, in playful, yet tender gallantry.

She went on, gravely as before—

"Furthermore—and upon this I have a right to insist, since it more nearly concerns me—if he should propose a marriage-contract to you, refuse positively to accede to its provisions—reject them utterly!"

"Why, my beauty! who has been vexing your brain with legal lore? Don't you know that every marriage is a contract—civil and religious?"

"I know from your tone and evasive replies, that there have been intimations, if nothing more definite, made to you already, touching the expediency, the moral righteousness of securing my property to myself. I know it as well as that upon my twenty-first birthday, months ago, I was entitled to the entire control of all that I am worth; that Colonel Floyd had no further authority over it or my actions; yet I have been repeatedly put off with surly promises of settlement at some future date, and am treated more like an imbecile minor than ever before,—know it as perfectly as that I have rightly interpreted the drift of my aunt's frequent and proxy harangues to me, within a couple of months—ill-contrived expositions of her husband's tenets, respecting the manifold benefits arising from contracts of marriage. How I despise the name and the idea!"

"Windmills again?" interposed Robert's gentle raillery.

"Not so! I can tell you the exact terms which Colonel Floyd has sketched to you—commended to your consideration, by appealing to your sense of honor and justice. All that I have inherited from my father is to be settled upon myself, and my late guardian, an incomparable Spartan, who could not be betrayed into the least violation of my rights! is to be appointed my trustee."

"You are a witch!" exclaimed the amazed listener.

"I am a woman whose training has taught her vigilance and distrust! hard lessons—and hardly learned by one of my age and sex. If all men with whom I have had to deal, were like you, I should not have mastered the alphabet as yet! You may think me unfeminine, sordid, calculating—in thus obtruding pecuniary matters upon your consideration. I suppose that most women leave these arrangements to parents, guardians and friends. I am an orphan; I have no near relatives; no friend, who can aid me, excepting yourself; I had better never have had a guardian. You have invited and urged my confidence, and you see how eagerly I take you at your word!" she broke off her rapid, passionate speech to say with an attempt at gayety. "Do you feel as poor Tarpeia did, when she asked for bracelets, and got a shower of shields instead?"

Robert was embarrassed. "Your confidence can never be burdensome!" he answered, sincerely. "But, Nell, darling! there was nothing preposterous in Colonel Floyd's plan of settlement. The most affectionate fathers propose the like continually. I rather glory in the chance thus *afforded me of showing that my love for you is purely disinterested. You will not discredit my declaration that until your guardian made reference to your fortune the thought of it had*

THE CAPTURE OF ARKANSAS POST, ARKANSAS.

General S. G. Burbridge, Accompanied by His Staff, Planting the Stars and Stripes on the Rebel Fort Hindman, January 11, 1863.

[Another star has been added to the glorious constellation of victories achieved in defence of the American Union. Wherever gallant deeds and heroic valor find a worshipper, there will the capture of Arkansas Post be remembered with honor.

Fort Hindman was a rebel stronghold, not to be approached save through swamp and morass, where herculean labor and heroic endurance must precede that invincible valor which wins battles and wrenches victory from the bravest foe. It was what is known in military parlance as a star fort, with four angles—two on the river and two extending nearly to the morass in the rear. In front of the southwestern angle was a cluster of small houses, into which the enemy had thrown their sharpshooters, and from which a most galling fire was poured upon Burbridge's brigade, which stormed them and carried them by assault. At the given signal on went that splendid brigade, with a shout and a yell. Now floundering like bemired horses in the morass, then pausing to dress their lines, as if on parade, and anon charging again regardless of the storm of grape and shell, shot and canister that pelted piteously around them. For three long hours they fought, ere the houses were carried, and made to screen the Federal troops. All that while sharpshooters were picking off from their secure hiding-place officers and men; 10-pound Parrotts were sending their hissing messengers of death through the lines of that devoted brigade, strewing its path with mangled corpses and dying men. At last the houses were gained and occupied by the 83d Ohio, which, with the 96th Ohio, the 16th, 60th and 67th Indians, and the 23d Wisconsin had fought for them so gallantly.

The interior view of the casemate is one of those on the river front. These guns were 120-pounders, mounted according to most approved principles of military science, inclosed within a building of heavy timber covered with railroad iron and supposed to be perfectly bombproof. But the gunboats made sad havoc of these casemates, crushing them beneath their heavy shells. Some of the shots were splendid, two out of three of these guns were fairly struck and broken, so that they can never more be used. The approach of the gunboats to this casemate, which was that on the south-eastern angle, was one of the most beautiful scenes of the whole fight. They came slowly along, like strong men feeling their way; all the time belching forth the most furious fire, even running under the guns of the fort and pouring their shells directly into it.

After the battle had raged for four hours without cessation or intermission the rebels ran up a single white flag, and in a moment shirts were torn off and fluttered from bayonet points in token that the fort had surrendered. At that moment Gen. Burbridge, whose brigade had done nearly all the fighting, and who was constantly at its head, was engaged sighting a gun; hastily springing to his horse, and followed by his staff, they galloped pell-mell through swamps and mire and morass to the sallyport, where the guards, not understanding that the battle was fought and the day lost, refused him entrance, saying that they had not surrendered.

"I don't want to fire on you any more," said Barbridge; "you have fought gallantly, but we have whipped you."

They then dropped their pieces and permitted him to enter, where he was met by Gen. Churchill, commanding the fortifications, who surrendered the fort to him in person.

No sooner was the fort surrendered than Gen. Burbridge and his staff sprang across the ditch, mounted the parapet, and planted the flag of the republic upon its bloody battlements, thus making a fitting *finale* to one of the most glorious achievements of the war. The number of prisoners surrendered was 7,000, being more than all the Federal forces in action. An immense quantity of Quartermaster's Commissary and Ordnance stores were also obtained, among which were 20 guns, 8,000 stand of small arms, and 300 army wagons, with herds of horses and mules.

—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.*

never crossed my brain in connection with my attachment to yourself. Whatever is yours now shall remain your own. I cheerfully relinquish all claim that the law would give me upon it, with one proviso, all that I possess must be added to it."

"I believe in your sincerity, but not in the word of any other man alive. I am gratefully alive to the generosity, which the world would deem unsafe and romantic. But, Robert! in this one thing you must let me have my own way. I have reasons, weighty and sufficient, for pressing my request. I will have no deeds, no settlements! They will not be valid without my consent, and that shall never be given!"

This was a strange conversation for a moonlight tryst between lovers, and she was an uncommon type of a betrothed maiden; her every resolute lineament discernible by the white moonbeams; arms sternly crossed, and feet planted hard against the gnarled roots of the oak, apparently as impassive and immovable by expostulation as the tree itself.

Some minutes of troubled reflection passed before either spoke again. Then Robert resumed the discourse.

"I cannot disregard your wishes in this matter, Helen, however they may war with my inclination and judgment, for, as you say, you are the person who will be most nearly affected by the disposition of your property. I *did* tell your guardian that I acquiesced heartily in his views, and would shape my course accordingly, and he may misinterpret my altered purpose; but let that pass! So long as you and I are agreed and understand one another, what matter the opinions of others?"

"I thank you for the sacrifice you make to please me; for paradoxical as it would be to many, to most vulgar minds, the acceptance of wealth with your bride in these circumstances *is* a sacrifice, and no light one to you. I take it upon myself to guarantee that Colonel Floyd shall learn to whose influence your change of intention is attributable; upon whom he is to charge the frustration of his holy design. What is it, Sally?"

Engrossed in their talk, the young couple had not thought of the girl; had not seen that for some time past her motions had been indicative of extreme restlessness. Her crouching figure had become erect; the shawl dropped from her ears to her shoulders; her head moved uneasily from side to side, as if she were watching or listening intently. When Helen addressed her, she had arisen from her seat by the spring, and approached within a few feet of her mistress and her lover.

"I'm thinking you'll be missed at the house, Miss Helen! I'm sure I've heard Gabriel calling me two or three times—and—and—it's getting colder 'seems to me."

Helen eyed her more attentively.

"It is too bad to have kept you sitting there all this while, my poor girl! We have been walking, and have not felt uncomfortable; but your teeth are absolutely chattering!"

"I reckon I must ha' been asleep!" rejoined Sally, with a foolish, ashamed laugh. "I didn't know we'd been out long."

"I think it very likely!" said Helen, smiling, as did Robert, in recollection of the "somniferous duenna." "Run on now and get yourself in a glow. We will follow."

As they were ascending the hill upon the other side of the spring-stream she subjoined an explanation of the request she had urged with regard to her fortune.

"I was put upon my guard against Colonel Floyd's probable machinations by a story told me by my cousin, Miss Rogers, when she paid us a visit in October. She was an intimate friend of Lily's mother, and having taken quite a fancy to my society, confided to me certain incidents of the family history, which I had never heard until then. Among others she mentioned that Colonel Floyd as his father's executor and sister's guardian, had her share of the estate secured to herself prior to her marriage with Mr. Calvert, and, as seemed natural and proper to most people, assumed the trusteeship of the same. Either Mr. Calvert resented this as an imputation upon his honor, or an implication of his inability to manage his wife's property, for, shortly after the wedding-day, a coolness grew up between the brothers-in-law, which greatly distressed Mrs. Calvert. There were serious threats made by her husband of a law suit to recover that, which he alleged in Miss Rogers's hearing, had been dishonestly abstracted by Colonel Floyd from his sister's portion; proceedings which were suspended by his own tragic death. It is always best to avoid litigation by having these questions settled beforehand."

"What a business head you have!" replied Robert, much amused. "I had not supposed that you knew how many cents make a dollar. Very few of the Floyds are endowed with arithmetical talents. Your uncle, for example, is utterly ignorant of the value of the prime idol of the Yankee nation."

"He understands the rule of subtraction, as your pockets can attest. You are mistaken as to his regard for money. He is an odd compound of extravagance and covetousness."

At the yard-gate she stopped.

"Do not judge me harshly for to-night's talk!" she said, almost sadly. "I suppose that I must appear to you woefully commonplace and practical; censorious in judgment and rigorous in action, for you are charitable and lenient to a proverb. But I have only your good at heart; desire to do that which will be best for us both. I do endeavor conscientiously to study your interests, Robert!"

He made some comforting response, and there the subject rested.

He was not, however, so blindly in love that the substance, no less than the tone of this last sentence, did not fall gratingly upon his sensitive ear. It was, of course, pleasant, or ought to have been, to know that she looked upon their interests as identical; to see that her manner of speaking of them was characterized by the clear-sighted zeal and prudence of the wife, rather than the bewitching hesitancy of the blushing bride. Yet, in his heart he felt a lack of something, a deficiency, that was at once indefinable and painful. Her bearing was not too free—that could never happen—still, a trifling diffidence, a dash of coyness would have imparted to it an additional charm. The fruit—ripe, rich, and round—was his, and he was proud and thankful in its possession; but he could have wished that the downy velvet, shading and softening its bloom, had not been so carefully and thoroughly rubbed off, before the treasure was given. He could not resist a ridiculous preference for the 'Loves of the Angels," as a lover's text-book, above ledger or bank-account, let them be never so accurately balanced, and largely in his favor.

Above all, that word, "conscientiously" offended his spiritual nervous organization. Regard unmeasured, because immeasurable; solicitude-loving and anxious-eyed Aphrodite, born out of the waves of this boundless love;—these would have been to him as the waters of the river of Life and the fruit that grows thereby. But he did not want to be loved "conscientiously." He did not care to be informed that there was, on her side, a "conscientious endeavor" to think of and to do whatever would conduce to his happiness.

Moreover—but this was a secondary and very inferior consideration,—he could not divest himself of a disagreeable expectation of an unpleasant, if not a violent scene with Colonel Floyd, when they came to the question of the final settlement; feared lest the retraction of his partial pledge that all should be done in consonance with the guardian's desire, would place him—the bridegroom—in a false and humiliating position.

Keeping these misgivings and his dissatisfaction to himself, he parted from Helen in the hall, with the fond, gentle smile she alone of all women ever had from him, and repaired to the drawing-room, whence had proceeded the sounds of music and laughter the outdoor promenaders had heard ere they reached the house.

A lady, elderly, and who had never been pretty, a governess in one of the aristocratic families there represented—was at the piano, playing a lively waltz, and six or eight couples were whirling around the room, in the exultant swing of that entrancing dance. Making a wide circuit to avoid collisions, Robert succeeded in stationing himself by the side of the musician. The piece she was playing was an unfamiliar one to her, and dexterous and true as were her fingers, she dared not remove her eyes from the sheet. There was no need for her to see his features to assure herself who turned the leaves with a *solte salite* movement, bespeaking an intelligent eye and a hand trained to the like gallant offices. She knew who had won for himself the appellation of "the wall-flowers' friend," and shunned not to maintain his right to the title by rendering attentions as graceful and assiduous to the neglected children of beauty and fortune, as to the most pampered darlings of both. Poor Miss Carter's lank, starched figure and dyed silk dress covered a heart, slightly indurated and withered by twenty years' thankless drudgery in her present profession; but there were hidden away there—"somniferous duenna." "Run on now and get yourself in a glow. We will follow."

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Moreover—but this was a secondary and very inferior consideration,—he could not divest himself of a disagreeable expectation of an unpleasant, if not a violent scene with Colonel Floyd, when they came to the question of the final settlement; feared lest the retraction of his partial pledge that all should be done in consonance with the guardian's desire, would place him—the bridegroom—in a false and humiliating position.

Keeping these misgivings and his dissatisfaction to himself, he parted from Helen in the hall, with the fond, gentle smile she alone of all women ever had from him, and repaired to the drawing-room, whence had proceeded the sounds of music and laughter the out-door promenaders had heard ere they reached the house.

A lady, elderly, and who had never been pretty, a governess in one of the aristocratic families there represented—was at the piano, playing a lively waltz, and six or eight couples were whirling around the room, in the exultant swing of that entrancing dance. Making a wide circuit to avoid collisions, Robert succeeded in stationing himself by the side of the musician. The piece she was playing was an unfamiliar one to her, and dexterous and true as were her fingers, she dared not remove her eyes from the sheet. There was no need for her to see his features to assure herself who turned the leaves with a *solte salite* movement, bespeaking an intelligent eye and a hand trained to the like gallant offices. She knew who had won for himself the appellation of "the wall-flowers' friend," and shunned not to maintain his right to the title by rendering attentions as graceful and assiduous to the neglected children of beauty and fortune, as to the most pampered darlings of both. Poor Miss Carter's lank, starched figure and dyed silk dress covered a heart, slightly indurated and withered by twenty years' thankless drudgery in her present profession; but there were hidden away there—

their different and more blessed lot. Presently Helen glanced up at her betrothed, and said something briefly and positively. He made reply, seemingly by an interrogation, and upon receipt of her answer, turned away and joined himself to the band of revellers. He went directly up to Lily Calvert, offered his hand, which was smilingly accepted, and they took their position in a cotillion that was just forming.

The music flowed out in a bolder, quicker measure, and light feet beat time over the floor. Still the silent, unnoticed governess kept watch upon the now lonely performer—free, now, moreover, to indulge at will in the enchanting maiden visions, that attend—brilliant-winged and willing sprites—upon the meditations of the "young, loving and beloved." Yet Miss Carter saw the fine, mobile features subside into pensiveness; then fixed sadness; the eye settle into melancholy steadiness—a sort of introverted look which told plainly enough that the source of her grief was not far away, nor beyond herself. While the spectator was taxing the meagre stores of her experimental knowledge of Love's mysteries for a solution of this enigma, Aleck Lay drew near, deputed by his partner to convey some message to the dreaming pianist. A red tide rushed over Helen's face as he spoke to her; she started; lost time, skill and tune; her hands crashing heavily down upon the keys, and a harsh, loud discord from the thrilling wires brought the dance to an untimely pause.

"What is the matter?" "Go on!" cried a chorus of voices.

"It was my fault!" Aleck's sonorous tones quelled the babel of inquiry. "I interrupted her and did all the mischief. I ask a million pardons!" he pursued laughingly, to the drooping and abashed musician. "It was thoughtless and awkward in me to accost you so abruptly, when I might have seen that you were intent upon your music. It shall be a wholesome lesson to me for the future. I was about to ask you to play a little faster—a very little, if you please."

An irrepressible impulse of gratitude made her lift her eyes to his, and he saw that they were full of tears. This might be the effect of nervous agitation merely, but the sight sent him back to his place with a madly throbbing heart. Helen struggled valiantly with the rising softness, superinduced by a passing vision of the olden days, when he interposed to ward off every annoyance from her; met, with scathing retort, each sarcastic or unfriendly retort that had her for its object. For the rest of the evening they kept far apart, did not exchange another look or word. "A wholesome lesson for the future!" They would do well to remember and profit by the warning!

Helen refused to dance at all that night;—she "preferred to play for the entertainment of the rest;" and when she would not let him hover near her, Robert Lay's most frequent companion was Lily Calvert. She was very pretty and charming; so winning in her child-like, confiding ways; so kind and amiable with him, and apparently so gratified by his attentions that he could not resist the temptation presented by all these, and quite forgot his duty to the wall flowers in waltzing upon a belle. She was really a sweet girl—he reflected—despite some unimportant foibles; and a warm-hearted friend of his, who would make the dearest little sister ineffable one of these days, when she and Helen understood one another again.

Aleck danced, flirted and flattered with a reckless grace no one else could emulate; was the life, as he was the lion of the company. Half the girls in the room went home in love with him; two-thirds of the beaux wished devoutly that he had never quitted the "Fatherland" until he was ready to bring a wife to the western continent with him.

At twelve o'clock, the last carriage, with its cortege of gallant outriders, left the door of the hospitable abode, and Helen, wearied and dispirited, sought her chamber. The faithful Sally was in wakeful attendance, and disobedient to her mistress's recommendation that she should betake herself to bed without further delay, began, with alert hands, the task of disrobing her. It may have been that fatigue and dissipation had rendered Helen indolent, or that, in her depressed state of feeling, the society of this attached dependant was more tolerable than solitude and her own musings; for she did not repeat the order; submitted languidly to her maid's pleasure.

"Miss Helen!" she said, as she kneeled to untie her slipper-string; "I hope you did not think it unproper in me to hurry you home from the spring to-night. I deceived you about the reason, then. I didn't like to tell you there, for fear you might be frightened, and Mars' Robert get angry, and go to search into the matter, and so get you both into trouble, so I made the excuse I did to start you up to the house."

"What are you talking about, Sally?" asked Helen, somewhat sharply; "you have been dreaming, and are not quite awake yet, I believe."

"I'm broad awake, ma'am, and so I was then, for all I had to pretend to be sleepy and cold to hinder you from mistrusting the truth. And I saw him, Miss Helen, plain as I do you this minute! I wouldn't move till I was sure."

"Saw him! Saw whom? Why do you tell your story in such a queer, blundering way? Go on!" urged her mistress, as the girl bent lower over the foot resting upon her knee, and tugged and picked at the hard knot she had made in the string.

"The man behind the tree, ma'am! the big oak you was leaning against."

"Nonsense! you mistook the shadow of the limbs for a man! How could any one be there, and I not hear him move or breathe? How could he get there without making any noise?"

"Tree shadows don't move of a still night, as this one did?" persisted the girl. "As to how he got there, I can't say, nor how long he'd been standing close up against the trunk of the tree when I first noticed him. I didn't see him until he poked out his head—this way, as if to hear better what you two was saying."

"Pshaw! why should he care to hear? why stay there, if he could get away?"

"That isn't for me to say, ma'am. I only know that I saw him, and that he behaved just as I've told you."

Helen pondered for a moment upon this strange tale. The maid was unusually sensible and discreet for one in her station, and not superstitious or cowardly. Her mistress did not question that she really believed all that she had said, but the more she thought of it, the more unlikely it appeared that Robert and herself had been dogged by so bold an eavesdropper, or that any chance vagrant of the forest could have remained, for any length of time, in the position Sally had described without being discovered.

"Could you see who he was? or whether he was white or colored?" she inquired.

"He kept well in the shade, ma'am, and I was very near, you know. Maybe he was a runaway. There's a good many 'out,' I hear—more than common for this season of the year," returned the girl, still averting her face, and putting away the slippers in a drawer.

"Perhaps it was Lem!" exclaimed Helen. "Poor fellow! he need not have been afraid of us! We would never have betrayed him."

This was a field-hand of Colonel Floyd's, who had run away six weeks before, goaded to desperation by the brutal oppression of the driver, Booker, whose authority was invariably supported by the master. Sally's sister was Lem's wife, as Helen now considered, and the probabilities were manifestly in favor of the supposition that he was lurking about the plantation in the hope of seeing his wife. Sally was not certain that she recognized him, yet that she had some misgivings on the subject was clear. She might feel it to be her duty to put her mistress upon her guard against a repetition of the nocturnal stroll, while she was cautious not to commit her brother-in-law. Acting upon this hypothesis, which she imagined was fully sustained by Sally's silence after Lem was named, Helen forbore to prosecute her inquiries, and her thoughts strayed of themselves back to the more pressing cares and disquietudes that weighed heavily upon her young spirit.

In ten minutes after the servant's story was concluded, her auditor had forgotten the runaway and his woes. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRU'RY 21, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "VERNER'S PRIDE," &c.

We design commencing in our next paper this new story of Mrs. Wood's, which will be published from the advance sheets forwarded to us from England. The many admirers of Mrs. Wood may hold themselves in readiness for a new treat in this story.

With two such writers as Mrs. Wood and Marion Harland contributing to it at the same time, we think THE POST will be looked for by its subscribers, with even more than their usual eagerness.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE.

While we do not consider the Administration to blame for all the peculations of its officers, we do consider it to blame when it appoints persons to office whose antecedents do not warrant such appointments, and evil consequences naturally result. In that matter of the Banks' Expedition, the Committee of the Senate report:—

Fifth. The Committee are satisfied that the late Assistant Secretary of War, John Tucker, and Col. James Belger, U. S. Army, knew of Hall's transactions, and knowing them, permitted his monopoly and illegal practices to continue.

Now when Mr. John Tucker's name was before the Senate, we stated in THE POST that the appointment was a highly injudicious one—and the Administration could easily have satisfied itself of this fact, if it had chosen to make suitable inquiries. But it seems to us now-a-days that a man's chances of obtaining an appointment are in a direct ratio to his want of the necessary qualifications. As Mr. B. H. Browster said recently before the Alumni Association of the High School:—

Theoretically this is a Democratic republic; practically it has been *an oligarchy of place-hunters*. In the cities the tavern-keepers make the delegates, the delegates make the candidates for the city, state and nation; the delegates from the cities govern the large states, the large states the conventions of the Union, and the party from such beginnings elect the officer. When we thus trace this foul stream to its still fouler source, can we wonder at the result, or can we wonder that better men stand aside and refuse to enter into competition with such rivals or to court the favor of such patrons!

Yes, that is the very phrase—the country is governed by "*an oligarchy of place-hunters.*" We make no "distinction of party" in this matter—one party is but little, if any, better than the other. And the result is, an extent of corruption which threatens almost the life of the republic.

A CURIOUS AFFAIR.

Mr. Seward denies, in his recent communication to Congress, that he ever authorized Baron Mercier, the French Minister, to hold any communication with the rebel leaders, and further says that since the breaking out of hostilities, the Administration has held no intercourse with the so-called Southern confederacy, beyond what was necessary to carry on the war according to the rules of civilized nations.

Thus the French Minister and the Secretary of State are at open issue on a simple question of fact. If both parties believe what they say, a misunderstanding of each other's language may have occurred, from the use of a foreign tongue by one or the other of them. If the conversation took place in French, M. Mercier's version probably is correct; if in English, Mr. Seward's. If partly in French, and partly in English, only the powers above know what they really did say.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The reader whose feeling of justice makes him desire to see fair play allowed to a much belied writer, will open the pages of this book with every inclination to hear in good spirit what its author has to say for himself, and how this *ex deshabille* account of what he saw, heard, and experienced in the North and the South at the commencement of the war will coincide with that of other competent and trustworthy witnesses. Of such readers we believe there are many, though their voices have been drowned down by the clamor of opprobrium which has followed Mr. Russell since his too graphic description of the rout of Manassas stung the nation to the quick, giving the outside and unfriendly view of that disaster which even viewed from the most favoring stand-point, was hard enough to bear. It is so yet. As we close the pages where the daily and hourly events of that time are recorded "hot and hot," as they passed before the writer's eyes the old, half-healed wounds throb again with the same pangs as then. It is impossible to feel very kindly and affectionately to the hand that thus redeals the blow. Even while giving our judgment in favor of the fairness and truthfulness with which Mr. Russell relates what he actually saw and heard, we succumb to our prejudices, and confess that we should be glad never to see or hear of him or his writings again during the time of our natural life.

And yet they are very entertaining writings:—a great part of the civilized world is ready to hear testimony to that. Everybody who knows the difficulty of setting vividly before the eyes of others the very sights which our own have seen, will acknowledge the wonderful cleverness with which the scenes of "My Diary" are re-produced to its readers. While its author adheres to narrative and eschews generalizations and philosophisings, his style,—albeit rather too smart and fine, with its slang of quotations, and scraps of French and Latin,—is in its own particular line excelled by few who write the English tongue.

The portrait of the great *Times'* correspondent himself is unintentionally drawn by his own hand in quite as vivid and life-like colors as those in which he voluntarily presents others to us. The picture is not an entirely pleasing one. A hard and coarse nature, vulgar in its substratum, in spite of all external culture; excessive arrogance of the kind which we, perhaps unjustly, generalize under the head of John Bullism, tempered by patronising condescension quite as unbearable;—such is the personal impression of its author which this lively and amusing book leaves on the reader's mind.

The patronising phase aforesaid is more offensively exhibited towards the South where he was feted and flattered than towards the North where he was bullied and backbitten. After his first interview with Beauregard he amiably terms the rebel General, "our little Creole friend." Senator and Col. Wigfall is repeatedly honored with the pleasant title of "my faithful Wigfall;" and the domestic menages of his southern hosts are mildly tolerated in a not very dissimilar manner. If we did not, for our own sakes, regret the extreme and often unjust manifestations of acrimony by the North towards Mr. Russell, we could find it in our heart to be glad of anything that sufficed, where we were concerned, to change his condescending kindness into downright honest abuse and antagonism. We feel as Miss Austen's heroine Emma did toward poor vulgar Mrs. Ellis. "Heaven grant I have been rude enough to that woman to offend her! let her not go about 'Emma Woodhouse'-ing me!"

According to Mr. Russell's generalizing views of our country we are in a sad case, no matter what is the result of the war; and should be if the war had never been. We are thus comprehensively disposed of in the past tense:—

"It is melancholy enough to see this great Republic tumbling to pieces; one would regret it all the more, but for the fact that it re-echoed the voices of the creatures which have been driven before the lash of the tyrant from all the cities of Europe. Assuredly it was a great work, but all its greatness and the idea of its life was of man, not of God. The principle of veneration, of obedience, of subordination and self-control did not exist within. Washington-worship could not save it. The elements of destruction lay equally-sized, smooth, and black at its foundations, and a spark suffices to blow the fabric into the air."

Our Peter Patrie himself is lugged in to confirm this decision, as follows:

"Washington himself looked forward to a duration of some sixty or seventy years only for the great fabric he contributed to erect. He was satisfied a crisis must come when the states, whom in his farewell address he warned against rivalry and faction, would be unable to overcome the animosities excited by different interests, and the passions arising out of adverse institutions."

On what grounds Mr. Russell has made up his mind that Washington expected the Union to last only sixty or seventy years, he neglects to inform us, to our loss.

After saying thus much that is unfavorable, we should be glad, as an impartial critic, to counterbalance it by some extracts which should really show the good points of the book; but looking over it with that intention we find that all the best anecdotes are so sarcastically pungent that we should feel it invidious to select them from the mass of other narrations. We certainly should not presume to introduce our Chief Magistrate in the various scenes where Mr. Russell, in the exercise of that "principia of veneration" which does not "exist" in America, presents him, though any one of these scenes might draw a wry smile from even the most respectful and faithful of his supporters. Neither do we wish to assist in grilling the unfortunate correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who rashly undertook to measure lances with his confrere of the Times; or even to repeat the exhibition of poor General Pillow, his mud fortifications, and his recalcitrant warriors; so we leave our readers to call and judge for themselves.

We Americans like personalities and bits of gossip: there are enough of both in this book to make it widely read; and it may be that such a reflection of ourselves as we appear to unfriendly eyes may not be without its good results. We are young enough and have enough true life in us to correct the national faults which we can once fairly see proven to exist in us; and we should, no doubt, feel obliged to any one who devoted himself to bringing such faults to our view, whether with the kindness and candor of an Anthony Trollope, or the dogmatism and imperiousness of a William Howard Russell.

THE STORY OF THE GUARD. A Chronicle of the War. By JESSE BENTON FREMONT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is a lively and graphic account of one of the most brilliant achievements of the cavalry arm of the service during the war—an achievement more worthy of praise than the famous charge of the three hundred at Balaklava. The volume—the proceeds of which will go to the families of those wounded and killed in the fight—ends with this stirring song adopted from the German as the song of the Guard:—

TROOPER'S DEATH.

I.

"The weary night is o'er at last!
We ride so still, we ride so fast,
We ride where death is lying.
The morning wind doth coldly pass,
Landlord we'll take another glass,
Ere dying, ere dying!

II.

Thou springing grass, that art so green,
Shall soon be rosy red, I ween,
My blood the hue supplying!
I drink the first glass, sword in hand,
To him who for the Fatherland
Lies dying!

III.

Now quickly comes the second draught,
And that shall be to freedom quaffed,
While freedom's foes are dying!
The rest, oh Land! our hope and faith!
We'll drink to thee with latest breath,
Though dying!

IV.

My darling!—ah, the glass is out!
The bullets ring, the riders shout—
No time for wine or sighing!
Throw me my love in the shivered glass.
Charge! on the foe! no joys surpass
Such dying!

☞ The recent death of the venerable Dr. Beecher, brings to mind one of his pointed remarks, that spoke volumes in a few words. Giving the "Charge" at the ordination of a young minister, he told him to be natural and act himself, and if he were sincere and honest, he could not fail to be an effective speaker. He then added:—"You never knew a man to cry 'fire!' with a wrong accent, when his own house was burning."

☞ Nelson Bronk, of Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y., recently won a purse of $100 on a 5-mile race at skating. He makes a 28-foot stride, and can go his mile inside of 3 minutes. He now challenges the country for a purse of $200, to skate 5 miles or upwards.

☞ THE TEACHER TAUGHT.—A school-boy having been desired by his preceptor to name that ancient Roman writer who was supposed to be most familiar with the literature of Greece answered, Suet-onius.

☞ Pennsylvania last season exported coal to the value of thirty four million dollars. Of coal and coal oil she produces more value than California does of gold.

☞ The latest style of hoop introduced for ladies' wear, is called the "Small Quaker." It is moderate in circumference, and leaves the drapery to sweep gracefully from the waist to the sidewalk, and so around the corner, if the lady pleases. Success to the "Small Quaker," say we.

LAST YEAR'S NEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"What was that, Paul? Something struck the pane then, I am sure!"

She, the child or girl who had spoken these words, and whose life was in the budding of its teens, looked up quickly, showing her face which had been previously hidden from view.

She sat near the window which was open, with her head bent over a small autograph book, on one of the snowy pages of which, with infinite pains and care she had just written her name.

The face which she flashed up underneath brown hair, with faint suggestions of gold, was a sweet, bright face, with its childhood not yet vanished out of it, a face full of delicacy, intelligence, promise, of something better than mere beauty which is not of the soul, and falls short of it.

The youth to whom she spoke these words turned quickly from the mantel, where he had been absorbed while the girl was writing in the contemplation of various crystallized grasses whose graceful plumes overswept the sides of some vases of antique china.

He looked his years, which were about seventeen, a slender, boyish figure, a pleasant face, not handsome, but arch and intelligent, with eyes large and dark, and which had in them some oriental depth of fascination, the only beauty in his face.

"I didn't hear anything, Edith. Some leaf struck against the pane, doubtless. Have you written it?" And he held out his hand for the book. She closed and clasped it in both hands with a pretty willfulness.

"No, you must not see the book until you have gone out and searched among the grasses for something which fell there. It was not a leaf either. The sound was too sharp and heavy for that."

The window was broad and low. So with a bound and a laugh the youth sprang out of it and searched among the grass, which lay like a dark green plush beneath. Overhead a great pear tree spread its brown-rafters of branches, and the yellow leaves showed that the frosts had lately taken council with them. The sunshine spilled through the branches—the autumn sunshine in ripe, golden tides, like wine which had been long sealed—and spilled itself too on the brown head of Edith Earle, for she had come to the window now, and was watching the search of her companion.

At last Paul picked up something half hidden by the grasses, and surveyed it curiously.

"This must be it, Edith. It's a bird's nest of last year, and the wind has brought it down."

She took it full of curiosity. The little cup of faded grass, which two springs ago had been the habitation of a family of sweet singing robins—which the autumn rains had drowned so many times, which the flannels of winter snow had clothed, and the winds of the early spring had battled. She thought of all this, and then she looked up.

"Paul, it is yours—you found it," she said, little suspecting that her eyes said something beyond this, and bore clear and steady witness to her want of the nest for her very own, and which had at this moment more charm for Edith Earle than a necklace of pearls.

"No," said Paul Reynolds, springing to the girl's side. "You shall have it, Edith, and as you say the nest is mine by right of possession, remember it was my last gift to you before going to college, and because of that, and for my sake, keep it always."

"As long as I live, Paul." And here again the sweet, blue, child like eyes were witness for her. "I shall miss you every day," looking with a mixture of sadness and tenderness from the last year's nest to the young student.

These twain—Paul Reynolds and Edith Earle, were quite too young, and too healthful in heart and character, to have any disguises at their parting. They had been play mates from childhood, for their homes in the silent old country town of Woodleaf were a little way apart; and the families occupied the same social level. Edith's father was a wealthy lawyer, and she was his youngest child and his only daughter.

Paul Reynolds had neither father nor mother. The latter had died in his infancy, and the former several years before he entered college. He was a merchant, and had left Paul to the guardianship of an uncle who was a widower, a somewhat stern, reticent, authoritative man, about whom his warm hearted, impulsive nephew could never wind any tendrils of affection, though the living uncle took in outward position the place of the dead father, and dwelt under his brother's roof. Paul's father and Edith's had been friends, and this laid the foundation for the intimacy of the children. It had commenced in their early childhood, and grown with their boy and girlhood; and they had been what brothers and sisters seldom are to each other.

All the courage and tenderness, all that was bravest and truest in the boy's nature had been developed in the companionship of the little girl, whose influence lay like dew and sunshine about the roots of his character.

Edith's brothers were much older than she, and thus largely beyond the range of her sympathies and confidences; but Paul was the little girl's type of all her dreams of youth, and beauty, and courage; but the time had come now for their separation: and though the memory of their childhood must be to each like the fragrance of myrrh and sweet spices through all their life, still, looking off to the dim perspective of their future stretching up the mountains of the years, wiser heads and hearts than theirs would have prophesied that the future could not be our them like their past—that time and absence and new associations would in all probability make broad those waters which were now to Paul Reynolds, nor Edith Earle.

"And Paul," she said, after a little pause, during which she had contemplated with conflicting feelings that small house of the robins, whose floor had been the dried grasses, and whose roof the summer leaves, "if you should ever be in any great pain, or trouble, or sorrow of any kind, and I know of it, I shall send this little nest to you, and when it comes, and you see it, you may know by this that the heart of Edith Earle is toward you just what it was when you gave it to her—the heart of your little sister."

She would have discovered by this little speech to one of keen intuitions the really fine grain and essence of her nature. Paul felt it, although he could not have put the feeling in words, and he looked from the girl to the small nest in her hand, with a new interest which touched on reverence. The time had come for him to leave now: there were a few parting words, with kisses on either side, and Edith was left alone with her "last year's nest."

Three years have passed: and one autumn day, with its winds of musky fragrance and its sunshine again, like old wine spilled out of the lost summer, Paul Reynolds walked up and down his room in college.

These years have changed the boy into early manhood: the free, bright look, the jaunty, careless bearing of the head were all gone; the slight, lithe figure had grown taller and larger, but looking in the face of Paul Reynolds as it was now, thinking of it as it was then, you would have sighed. On the whole, the face had not changed for the better; it had not grown coarse, perhaps it was handsomer, and yet that pale, anxious, half fierce, half desperate expression—what could it mean?

"There's no use in trying to hold out any longer. I may as well give in. I'm disgraced for life, and I wish I was out of it," and his eyes—those eyes of Oriental sweetness and depth, glared fierce and lurid for a moment to the distant river whose still blue waters lay under the hill, like a wide fold of silk, and at that moment the young student wished that he lay white and limp and still under the cool silent waters. "There is no use in my ever attempting to be anything again. This deed will follow me through my whole life. Expelled from college, shunned by my classmates, disowned by my uncle, I may as well make up my mind that my chance is done for.

"There's but one way to get my neck out of this scrape, and that is to get off to Europe. Roberts says we can get into business there, and make our fortune. I'd start off with him by the next steamer, if I could only raise the money: and there's a way to do it yet, as you know well enough, Paul Reynolds, and you'll be well out of harm's reach before it's discovered. There's your uncle's name—use it for a few hundreds, and nobody'll be the wiser until you're across the water. It'll serve the old scoundrel right, for trusting you as he has done.

"And yet to add forgery to your other crimes—for it will be no more nor less than that, and it's best to call things by their right names—to fly from your native land a criminal from justice—it's hard to look that straight in the face," and the man sank down shaking from head to foot with the chill of anguish and remorse which had seized him, and while he sat there the door opened, and the devil entered into the soul of Paul Reynolds.

And he whispered softly to him that this way of evil was the only course which remained—that honor, good name and respect among men were all gone; and taking counsel with him after the "inevitable logic of evil," which leads from bad to worse, placed this deed, from the contemplation of which he had shrunken with a shudder, in a new false light.

"It was not so bad after all, and his uncle owed him something better than to turn him off in the world, as he had done. It was a mean, heartless, cruel act, and it would only be serving him right to make him bleed a little." And Paul was wrought up into the belief that he was the shamefully wronged and aggrieved party after all; and at last he covenanted with his soul to do this deed of evil, and then pack his trunks and take the next steamer for Europe, in company with one who had been his evil genius from the beginning.

A few words will tell the whole story. The first years of Paul's college life had been years of faithful study, and of honor to himself. He was a favorite both with his professors and classmates; but his instincts were highly social, his temperament was impulsive, and at last he fell into evil company; he was irregular in his studies, and grew reckless in his expenditure of money, until his uncle refused to grant him further supplies.

One night he was inveigled by some of his companions into drinking deeply, and then persuaded into accompanying them out of town where they fired an old barn, and watched it consume to ashes.

Paul Reynolds was too deeply intoxicated at the time to be certain whether he had borne any active part among the incendiaries or not; but some of the perpetrators were discovered, and incurred the penalty of their guilt. Paul escaped public disgrace through the assistance of some of his classmates, but it was proven to the professors that he had left the city with the mob who had fired the barn, and he was expelled from college; and his stern, inflexible uncle had, on discovering these facts, written him that from the hour in which he had brought such dishonor on his name he had ceased to be his nephew; and so one blow had followed another fast, striking to the quick of the keen, proud, sensitive spirit of Paul Reynolds.

And the young student rose up after the struggle in which evil had had the mastery, with a face almost as white as the faces over which had been laid the faded autumn grass; and his limbs shook, as rushes do by the side of rivers in summer night winds.

And then there was a knock at his door, and a little errand-boy opened it and handed the young man a small box, neatly and carefully enveloped in white paper.

There could be no mistake about it; the address in the dainty running hand was Paul's own, and with no little curiosity he tore away the wrappings, opened the small box of varnished oak, and there lay the little last year's nest, which, three years ago, he had placed in the small hands of Edith Earle. Inside was a little note, and it read:

"DEAR PAUL:—You will understand all which I send this to say to you. EDITH."

And Paul Reynolds sat down, laid his head on his arms, his breast heaved, and then the storm arose, and surged over his soul in sobs and tears.

The old days came back to him; the old happy, innocent days, shining across the bridge of these years, and walking up and down the dusty avenues of his heart, and opening the doors, and closets, and hidden chambers of his memories.

"Little Edith"—and he lifted his face, flushed, swollen with tears, and stroked tenderly the small nest. *She* had not forgotten him; *she* clung to him still, with the old faith, amid all the shame and disgrace which had fallen upon him, just as she did that day three years ago, when he saw her standing for the last time in the window with her sweet, sorrowful face, and the robin's nest clasped tight in her hand.

And then the forces of good and evil in the soul of Paul Reynolds met and struggled for the mastery. Should he do this thing which he had covenanted to do?

He looked on that small, faded nest, and the sight of it struck down, down to the very quick of all which was true and generous and lovely in the nature of Paul Reynolds, all that was brave and tender—all which scorned wrong and loved right!

The great crisis of his life had come; the path which he took now, that path he would probably keep to the end. The struggle was long and terrible. One moment it inclined him to the right, and then he drifted toward the wrong again. One moment the voice of his better self pleaded sweet and strong, and then the old temptations, with its sophistries, overcame him, persuading that it was too late now to turn back that he must go on in the way which he had begun.

He walked up and down his room with his quick, agitated step, with the drops wrung out of that conflict standing still on his white face, and the wondering, pitying angels looked down on him.

At last Paul Reynolds stopped and ground his heel into the carpet, and lifted his head; there was a new light in his face; the new purpose of his soul was taken.

"I will stop where I am!" said Paul Reynolds, "I will look this matter straight in the face, and meet the worst. I have fallen—I am disgraced, but I am not lost yet.

"And let come what will, from this hour I make my choice. I will do only what is just and right. I will do it steadily, faithfully to the death; and hard as it may seem, and long as it may take, still I will yet retrieve my lost credit with men.

"I will not do this sin to which I have been tempted. Edith, little Edith, you may never know it, but the 'nest' has spoken to me, and saved me!" And once more he stroked tenderly the fabric of withered grasses.

The young student was true to his new covenant. He forsook at once and forever his evil habits and associations. He had many trials to encounter, many difficulties to overcome. But, oh, my reader, because a man has once fallen into temptation, and not been delivered from evil, is no sufficient reason that he should continue in it. God will help all who having once fallen are not content to remain there.

Paul Reynolds did not meet Edith Earle until many years afterward. He was a young lawyer at that time, with an apparently auspicious future opening before him; honored by many; beloved by those who knew him best. And she was in the ripe bloom of her youth; a woman most fair and sweet, most gracious and intelligent.

And, one day, after the old child-intimacy had been renewed, Paul Reynolds brought to Edith a glass case carpeted with rare forest mosses. And in the centre of the case was a small tree, daintily wrought of shells, and on one of the boughs hung a robin's nest of grasses, which had waved green in the breezes of a spring half a score of years gone by.

"Oh, how beautiful, Paul!" exclaimed the lady, as she bent breathless over the case.

And when at last she had done with her wonder and admiration, and was sat down by Paul's side, the young man told her the story of that nest, and what it had done for him!

And Edith Earle listened with her face, so fair, so sweet, so womanly, full of amazement, curiosity, pain, that ended in gladness, in a low "Thank God, Paul!" and in tears.

"And now, Edith," said Paul Reynolds, "as you were the good angel of my boyhood and youth, so will you be that of my manhood—of my whole life. And if you cannot, take back the nest, for though it has been my chief treasure, yet now if the greater one cannot be added to it, it will give me pain to behold the smaller." "Edith, shall *you* keep the nest, or shall I?"

And Edith made answer in the old childish way, slipping her small, soft hand into that of Paul Reynolds.

A LOVE SONG BY A LUNATIC.

There's not a spider in the sky,
There's not a glow worm in the sea,
There's not a crab that roams on high,
But bids me dream, dear maid, of thee!

When watery Phœbus ploughs the main,
When fiery Luna gilds the ice,
And flies run up the window-pane,
So fly my thoughts, dear love, to thee!

☞ ADVICE BY AN UNDERTAKER.—Practice tight lacing. Keep as much as possible in doors. What exercise you have take late at night, and do not return to retire until five in the morning.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To the lovers of the beautiful in nature, there is no object more worthy of interest than flowers. Yet the idea is entertained by some that the cultivation of flowers is suited only for little minds, and unworthy of the contemplation of the more philosophical parts of our intellectual nature. But nothing could be more erroneous than such an opinion; for the highest gifts of genius, both in poetry and science, have sung of their beauties and unfolded their history. And since the days of Adam, when he and his beautiful consort, fresh from the hands of God, dwelt beneath the rosy bowers of Eden, these beautiful gifts of nature have never ceased to be admired. They are wreathed around the cradle, the altar, and the tomb. "The Persian in the far East, delights in their fragrance, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian chief of the far West, claps his hands with glee as he gathers the beautiful blossoms—the illuminated Scriptures of the prairies."

Although many pleasant summers have past and gone, we yet find in the cultivation of flowers a soothing recreation and delight. The body and the spirits are alike improved, and they should be enjoyed by the rich and poor, "The cultivation of the *Pansies* gives our *Heart ease*; the bed of *Thyme* speeds a *dull hour*, and kind thoughts spring up while watering the clump of *Forget-me nots*." We love to believe that the "Better Land" is a land radiant with flowers, and that when we have laid aside the cares of earth life, we shall awake in a home of ever-varying landscapes, of whose beauty the mind cannot even dream.

Count it not lost time, the moments spent in beautifying your homes and gardens. How sweet to send up praises to God on the wings of the wind, laden with the perfumed offerings of the beautiful flowers. Great improvements are being made by the florists—new and rare varieties are produced, and disseminated; and it is with much pleasure we watch and admire the opening buds of beauty. We have cultivated for the past two years some new varieties, of which we now have a surplus of the seeds, which we are willing to distribute—gratis, to those who may desire them—deeming it our duty, in *times like these*, while our dearest friends are absent in the defence of our Union, to contribute a mite to the pleasures of the flower garden, where we may spend a few of our leisure moments, and dispel our cares.

We will give a description of the two following varieties—Dianthus Heddewigi, (Heddewigi's new Japan Pink.) This is a new and splendid variety from Japan, with colors consisting of rose, crimson, and violet, while some are delicately marbeled; flowers from two to three inches across. It is a perennial, but blossoms the first season. Hunt's new Sweet William—this splendid variety has been much admired by all who have seen them. The following miscellaneous colors are a part of those which distinguish this variety from our old sorts—" Violet-crimson banded, with amaranth centre, and broad, white margin; large, rich violet-purple cloud on each lobe, and medium white belt; very rich crimson mottled, with lilac-veined centre; fine purple inner belt, and white outer border; bright cherry crimson forked inner belt, on white blush ground; dark rosy purple ground, with rich crimson inner belt; rich, bright crimson, with black belt; rose, with inner belt of rich crimson; shaded violet-crimson band, with broad, white border."

To any person sending me a *stamped envelope, properly directed*, so as to give me no further care than to enclose the packets in it, I will send them a packet of either or each of the above seeds free, (and perhaps add some other choice variety); and if they give them as much pleasure in their cultivation as we have received, it will be satisfactory to

L. NORRIS,
Windsor, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

CURIOUS JUGGLING FEAT.

Captain J. C. Shaw, in a letter from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, says:—

The friendly Indians surround us, with their primitive house-keeping appliances, consisting of a fire and a smoke pipe. They have grand times, smoking, singing, dancing, and engaging in other amusements.

Some of the juggling feats of this tribe of Indians will compare favorably with those related of the Arabs. One, for instance, is performed in the following manner:—

The medicine man, or juggler, shows you a few grains of common Indian corn. You are called upon to witness the planting or burial of the corn in the ground, which is now frozen stiff, and of course not supposed to be exactly in condition for growing maize.

But watch the juggler. After the planting, the performer, enveloped in his blanket, bends over the little hillock for a moment, chanting in a monotonous voice some grand incantation in the Indian tongue, and then suddenly gliding from the spot, lo, and behold! the growing corn plant is seen springing as if by magic—and it *is* magic—out of the cold clay. Another chant in the same dull unvarying monotone, and the corn is in bloom; and yet another chant, and you are invited to pluck, and eat, if you have the appetite for that which seems to have sprung from seeds planted below, of *ripened green corn*. This in the dead of winter. Nor is this any more surprising than many more of the tricks those same men perform. I merely particularize this one as being easier of description than some of those of greater complication.

☞ WHISTLES FOR THE LADIES.—Ladies in London are providing themselves with whistles to call the police in case of danger. It is called the "Anti-Garroter Whistle," as advertised in the fancy shops. A dark, worn as a shawl-pin, however, is more likely to be the prevalent fashion.

CAUSE FOR ENCOURAGEMENT.

Under the caption of "A Cud for Croakers," the Evening Post of Monday, reviews the confessions of the Richmond Examiner, which, it says, does not exaggerate our successes or understate the desperation of the Confederate cause, and it pertinently asks:—

"Why, then, the croaking on our side? Our soldiers are not shirtless or barefooted; we have not been driven out of three or four states, each as great as a European kingdom; we are not suffering for lack of war material; we have just got a new army in the field; we have just gained a great victory at Murfreesboro'; Porter and McClernand are sweeping Arkansas of rebels, preparatory to a grand future movement not yet to be disclosed; we have at last discovered in Rosecrans a capable general, silent, active, ardently patriotic, determined to put down the rebellion, and going about it with an air that presages success. Moreover, we are upon the eve of important operations, both by sea and land, for which preparations have been making in silence for several months past. In a few days it will once more begin to "thunder all around."

We recommend these facts to all the Mr. Despondences, with their daughters, the Mistrusts, in the hope that they will look at them impartially—not as Americans, who naturally expect to have everything "put through by lightning express," but as sensible readers of history, who know that even the rapid movements and combinations of Napoleon in a field of war no larger than Massachusetts, required weeks and months for their development.

A POINTED PRAYER.

In the speech at Birmingham, England, Mr. Bright apologized for the quality of Indian cotton. He admitted, however, that it was very bad indeed for the workmen, and illustrated their excessive distaste by a story, which will offend only those who think that men should never pray for the bread they need:—"The other day while a Methodist minister was supplicating the Supreme Being, at a prayer meeting, and asking, among other things, for a supply of cotton for the famishing operatives, one man, with a keen sense of what he had suffered, interposed the ejaculation, 'Yes, Lord, but not Surat!' This man was honest, nearly as honest as the old man who, falling over a bridge, prayed God would protect him, 'and quickly, for there is no time to spare.'"

MOISTURE IN THE AIR.—The atmosphere always contains water. Most people think its presence a misfortune. They say the atmosphere of California is very healthy because it is so dry. This is an error. The air of California has a great deal more moisture than that of New England, and that is the principal reason for its superior healthfulness. In New England the dry air sucks the moisture out of a man's air passages, and he has the consumption. If he could breathe the moist atmosphere of the Pacific coast, he might recover. In their influence on consumptives, I do not mean to say that the only difference between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts is found in the amount of atmospheric moisture. But I do say that this is one of the most essential sanitary differences. A man who, in New England, is ever suffering with dry and cracked skin, has in California a moist and healthy skin. What is true of the skin is true of the lining of the lungs, with which the same atmosphere is in constant contact—the dry air sucks out the moisture and produces disease. All other things being equal, the moister the air the healthier it is. Of course this law ceases to hold whenever the moisture becomes sensible, and the clothing is thereby saturated.—*Journal of a Traveller.*

BEST TIME TO SLEEP.—Two colonels in the French army had a dispute whether it was most safe to march in the heat of the day, or at evening. To ascertain this point, they got permission from the commanding officer to put their respective plans into execution. Accordingly, the one, with his division, marched during the day, although it was in the heat of summer, and rested all night; the other slept in the day, and marched during the evening and part of the night. The result was, that the first performed a journey of six hundred miles without loosing a single man or horse, while the latter lost most of his horses and several of his men.

☞ PROVIDENCE LIQUOR.—A pretty good story is told concerning a good Deacon in a neighboring town. He is one of the old fashioned sort of deacons, and has always been in the habit of "taking a little for the stomach's sake," but was never known to get intoxicated except on one memorable occasion. He was then on a visit to Providence. The news of the sad affair reached the church members, and the Deacon was brought up for discipline. The Deacon explained the circumstance in this wise: "Brethren, I am sorry, but it's not my fault. I daily take half a glass of our own town liquor, and it does me no harm. But that Providence liquor is powerful. It knocked me before I knew it." The Deacon was released on condition that he would drink no more Providence liquor.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

☞ CHARACTERISTIC CORRESPONDENCE.—The following notes actually passed between two celebrated comedians:

DEAR W——. Send me a dollar.
Yours, B——.

P. S.—On second thoughts, make it *two*.

To whom his friend replied:

DEAR B——: I have but one dollar in the world. Yours, W——.

P. S.—On second thoughts, I want that for dinner.

☞ COMFORT FOR THE CORPULENT.—No man can think small beer of himself when he is well aware that he's stout.

LATEST NEWS.

From New Orleans.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The steamer Empire City, from New Orleans on the 6th, arrived at 10 o'clock this evening.

The forces under General Banks, after a month's drilling, were in condition to take the field. It was thought that a forward movement would be made at once, to clear out the whole La Fourche country.

A vessel, with medicines, &c., for the rebels, had been captured on Lake Pontchartrain. The three clergymen who had been called by General Butler had returned, but as they would not take the oath of allegiance, General Banks would not allow them to leave. It was reported that a steamer had passed through the Vicksburg canal.

Miscellaneous.

The Phillips House, opposite Fredericksburg, the headquarters of Gen. Burnside, was burned on Saturday, the 14th. The destruction of the property, although purely accidental, is greatly regretted by the loyal.

Our forces have cut the levees at various points on the Mississippi river, and when the waters rise higher the country will be flooded. A passage will then be made by which our gunboats can get within shelling range of Vicksburg.

It appears from the official reports that our success at the late battle of Fort Donelson was mainly owing to the timely arrival and assistance of the gunboats.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 18.—Some of the Union people having placed a national flag over the Southern Methodist Church, in Biddle street, the minister, Rev. John Dashiell, who is a secessionist, came to the church this morning and tore it down, for which act he was arrested, and he is now in custody. The secessionists worshiping at the new Assembly Rooms were unwilling to meet there to-day, because Gen. Schenck ordered a national flag to be displayed on the building.

The pirate Alabama is at Kingston, Jamaica, having landed her prisoners from the Hatteras there. Her commander had an enthusiastic reception from the people. Two U. S. men-of-war are off Jamaica waiting for her to come out.

The steamer Asia, from Liverpool on the 31st with news to the 1st inst., is at New York. A report was current that if Napoleon's proposal was rejected, he would recognize the south. A large and enthusiastic meeting to endorse the President's proclamation had been held at Exeter Hall. The Polish insurrection still continued, but it was declining. More arrests had been made.

MOTTOES FOR CONTRACTORS.

When you contract for boots and shoes,
Be not contracted in your views.

When you agree to clothe the body,
Expand your soul and flee from shoddy.

No soul the difference can see
'Twixt chico-rye and chicoree.

☞ A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III., performing public worship in the Tron Church at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer:—"Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh."

☞ Would you see the teeth of a beautiful lady? Praise her rival before her face, and you may depend upon it, she'll soon show her teeth.

☞ The Secretary of State has received a letter from the ladies of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, Germany, transmitting a large quantity of lint, dressings and hospital supplies for the use of the wounded Union soldiers. The articles have been turned over to the Medical Department.

☞ EXPERIENCE.—Women dislike garrulous men; because they know how it's done. But a talent for silence strikes them with awe and wonder.

☞ BREACHES OF DECORUM.—A Highlander's trowsers.

☞ It is said that a pure diamond may be easily recognized by putting it under water, when it retains all its brilliancy, while all other precious stones lose their peculiar appearance.

☞ Speak low, ladies, and yet always endeavor to be high-toned women.

☞ Conquerors sometimes threaten to destroy a city and "sow its site with salt." The rebels would be glad to have us destroy any of their cities if we would scatter salt over their localities. In their salt famine they would value the salt more than the cities.

☞ A lock of hair from a young woman's head is often the key to a young man's heart.

☞ A voice from the past assures us that he who goeth to battle for the right amply is sure of victory, as, although he should be himself overpowered, and his work for a season defeated, he has yet thereby contributed to the final triumph of the right in its proper time.—*Neander.*

☞ A lady fell down in the street, when a man very civilly picked her up, and said, gently, "I hope ma'am, you are none the worse?" "Well, indeed, I am just as little the better," she replied, quite savagely.

☞ A debating club in Worcester lately discussed the important question, "Whether a rooster's knowledge of daybreak is the result of observation or instinct?"

☞ "Aminidab, who is Cupid?" "One of the boys. He is said to be as blind as a bat; but if he is blind he'll do to travel. He found his way into Aunt Nan's all-curious, and I wouldn't have thought any critter could have worked his way into such narrow arrangements with eyes open."

☞ A young lady in Boston had purchased a *drinking tube*, or "water filter," to send to her brother in the army. She was holding it to her hand as she was sitting at her work table at home, when a gentleman was announced. Upon her asking him how he was, he put the mouth-piece of the filter to his lips, and, in a hoarse voice, replied, "Very well, I thank you; but, good gracious! how long have you been so deaf as to use an 'ear trump-it?'"

☞ The Portland, Maine, Price Current, says:—"On Wednesday last a thoughtful woman appeared at the window of the Post Office, with a small parcel of *doughnuts*, directed to an absent soldier boy on learning that the postage would amount to forty-eight cents, the kind lady concluded that together with the risk of breakage, &c., they would be a dear morsel to the recipient."

NOW GONE FROM US.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[It was a scene of the school-room, in the autumn of the past year, that gave rise to the following lay, written as if by the pupils themselves. During the recent vacation their long honored principal and some of their former companions in study had joined the army, and the new term opened in silent gloom, on account of their absence. The superintendent of a large fish-hawk school and the oldest pastor in this place had also left, one becoming a captain, the other a chaplain. Indeed the pride of many a household had gone to the war, and as for the young and old remaining at home, one thought blended with every object of attention, the thought of those "now gone from us." B.

Salubria, Ills., Jan. 1863.]

I.

Fond mothers may yearn for the sons that they bore,
As only to stand where the red rollers pour:
Proud fathers may bend to the weight of their woe
O'er the children of promise in battle laid low:—
But the call of their country they could not withstand,
And they gave to her rescue a glorious band—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels their prowess in war.

II.

Fair woman! how youthful to languish alone,
The husband that cheered her to battle now gone:
The infant awakes, and oh, well might its smile
Of the keenness of sorrow the mother beguile,
If through the dim future her eye could discern
Mid the chances of war the dear father's return—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels his prowess in war.

III.

The garlands yet fresh, 'twas the honeymoon still,
When the war-cry resounded o'er prairie and hill—
Strange honeymoon 'tis, when the bride in her hand
Holds the list of the dead on the battle's cold strand,
And her eye groweth wild with the gleam of despair,
Lest the name of the hero she worships be there!—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels his prowess in war.

IV.

There's a sadness the plighted heart shane to reveal,
A grief that kind words are forbidden to heal:—
There's a passionate wave that sweeps through the breast,
Dashing ever more wildly the more 'tis repressed,
'Till through the heart's portals the swelling tides gush
At the thought of the brave—as to carnage they rush!—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels their prowess in war.

V.

How changed is the scene, and how many are sad,
When even the school girls refuse to be glad:—
The sun goeth down, as the night cometh on,
And casteth a shade over cottage and lawn;
Oh, how can the poor heart e'er learn to forget
The boys that at twilight we joyfully met!—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels his prowess in war.

VI.

When Learning had wooed us anew to her shade,
A grief on the heart of her votaries weighed!
Emotion grew warm, and what cheek was not wet?
For Art had no power o'er the tear of regret:
Our new chief was worthy and learned we were told,
Yet only we thought of the honored and old!—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels his prowess in war.

VII.

When the Sabbath returns, in the temple of prayer
The voices of children rise sweet on the air;
Yet with the sweet cadence there faileth a tear,
For the superintendent they see not nor hear:—
They gave him a sword!—he hath led forth the brave!—
In victory let him that bright falchion wave!—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To test with the rebels his prowess in war.

VIII.

How still is the air!—'tis a bright Sabbath morn!
But the sanctuary mourneth a pulpit forlorn:
We listen but hear not that eloquent tongue,
The voice of our pastor that Heaven's message rung.
The nation imperilled, he leaveth the flock,
To hazard repose 'mid the battle's loud shock!—
Now gone from us, trampling savannas afar,
To lift up his prayer 'mid the havoc of war.

ABOUT VOLCANOS AND EARTHQUAKES.

BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

I purpose in this paper to say something about volcanos and earthquakes. It is a subject I have thought a good deal about, and seen a little of, for though I have never been so fortunate as to have seen a volcano in eruption, or to have been shaken out of my bed by an earthquake, still I have climbed the cones of Vesuvius and Etna, hammer in hand and barometer on back, and have wandered over and geologized among, I believe, nearly all the principal scenes of extinct volcanic activity in Europe.

Every one knows that a volcano is a mountain that vomits out fire, and smoke, and cinders, and melted lava, and sulphur, and steam, and gases, and all kinds of horrible things; nay, even sometimes sand, and boiling water, and fishes; and everybody has heard or read of the earth opening, and swallowing up man and beast, and houses and churches, and closing on them with a snap, and smashing them to pieces, and then perhaps opening again; and casting them out with a flood of dirty water from some river or lake that had been gulped down with them. Now, all this, and much more, is literally true, and has happened o-er and over again; and when we have imagined it all, we will have formed a tolerably correct notion of some at least of these visitations. And perhaps some may have been tempted to ask why and how it is that God has permitted this fair earth to be visited with such destruction. It can hardly be for the sins of men, for when these things occur they involve alike the innocent and the guilty; and besides, the volcano and the earthquake were raging on this earth with as much, nay greater violence, thousands and thousands of years before man ever set his foot upon it. But perhaps, on the other hand, it may have occurred to some to ask themselves whether it is not just possible that these ugly affairs are sent among us for some beneficent purpose, or at all events that they may form part and parcel of some great scheme of providential arrangement which is at work for good, and not for ill. A ship sometimes strikes on a rock, and all on board perish; a railway train runs into another, or breaks down, and then wounds and contusions are the order of the day; but nobody doubts that navigation and railway-communication are great blessings. None of the great natural provisions for producing good are exempt in their workings from producing occasional mischief. Storms disperse and dilute pestilential vapors, and lightnings decompose and destroy them; but both the one and the other often annihilate the works of man, and inflict upon him sudden death. Well, then, I think I shall be able to show that the volcano and the earthquake, dreadful as they are, as local and temporary visitations, are in fact unavoidable (I had almost said necessary) incidents in a vast system of action to which we owe the very ground we stand upon, the very land we inhabit, without which neither man, beast, nor bird would have a place for their existence, and the world would be the habitation of nothing but fishes.

Now to make this clear, I must go a little out of my way and say something about the first principles of geology. Geology does not pretend to go back to the creation of the world, or concern itself about its primitive state, but it does concern itself with the changes it sees going on in it now, and with the evidence of a long series of such changes it can produce in the most unmistakable features of the structure of our rocks and soil, and the way in which they lie one on the other. *As to what we see going on.*—We see everywhere, and along every coast-line, the sea warring against the land, and everywhere overcoming it, wearing and eating it down, and battering it to pieces, grinding those pieces to powder, carrying that powder away, and spreading it out over its own bottom, by the continued effect of the tides and currents. Look at the chalk cliffs of England, which once, no doubt, extended across the Channel to the similar cliffs on the French coast. What do we see? Precipices cut down to the sea-beach, constantly hammered by the waves and constantly crumbling, the beach itself made of the flints outstanding after the softer chalk has been ground down and washed away, themselves grinding one another under the same ceaseless discipline, first rounded into pebbles, then worn into sand, and then carried out farther and farther down the slope, to be replaced by fresh ones from the same source.

Well, the same thing is going on *everywhere round every coast* of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Foot by foot, or inch by inch, month by month, or century by century, *down everything* MUST *go.* Time is as nothing in geology. And what the sea is doing the rivers are helping it to do. Look at the sand-banks at the mouth of the Thames. What are they but the materials of our island carried out to sea by the stream? The Ganges carries away from the soil of India, and delivers into the sea, as much solid substance *daily* as is contained in the great pyramid of Egypt. The Irawaddy sweeps off from Burmah 62 cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and 365 days in every year, and so on for the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the weald of Kent, and formed a continuous mass from Ramsgate and Dover to Beechy Head, running inland to Madamscourt Hill and Seven Oaks. All clean gone, and swept out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and there forming other chalk-beds. Now, geology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable evidence, that ALL our present land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all perished, and what we now stand upon has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps many times, the bottom of the sea.

Well, then, there is power enough at work, and it has been at work long enough, utterly to have cleared away and spread over the bed of the sea all our present existing continents and islands, had they been placed where they are at the creation of the world; and from this it follows, as clear as demonstration can make it, that without *some* process of renovation or restoration to act in antagonism to this destructive work of old Neptune, there would not now be remaining a foot of dry land for living thing to stand upon.

Now, what *is* this process of restoration! Let the volcano and the earthquake tell their tale. Let the earthquake tell how, within the memory of man—under the eyesight of eye-witnesses, one of whom (Mrs. Graham) has described the fact—the whole coast line of Chili, for 100 miles about Valparaiso, with the mighty chain of the Andes—mountains to which the Alps shrink into insignificance—was hoisted at one blow (in a single night, Nov. 19, A. D. 1822,) from two to seven feet above its former level, leaving the beach below the old low water mark high and dry, leaving the shell-fish sticking on the rocks out of reach of water, leaving the seaweed rotting in the air, or rather drying up to dust, under the burning sun of a coast where rain never falls. The ancients had a fable of Titan buried from Heaven and buried under Etna, and by his struggles causing the earthquakes that desolated Sicily. But here we have an exhibition of Titanic forces on a far mightier scale. One of the Andes upheaved on this occasion was the gigantic mass of Aconcagua, which overlooks Valparaiso. To bring home to the mind the conception of such an effort, we must form a clear idea of what sort of mountain this is. It is nearly 24,000 feet in height. Chimborazo, the loftiest of the volcanic cones of the Andes, is lower by 2,000 feet; and yet Etna, with Vesuvius at the top of it, and another Vesuvius piled on that, *would little more than surpass the mid-way height of the snow covered portion of that cone,* which is one of the many chimneys by which the hidden fires of the Andes find vent. On the occasion I am speaking of, at least 10,000 square miles of country were estimated as having been upheaved, and the upheaval was not confined to the land, but extended far away to sea, which was proved by the soundings off Valparaiso, and along the coast, having been found considerably shallower than they were before the shock.

Again, in the year 1819, in an earthquake in India, in the district of Cutch, bordering on the Indus, a tract of country more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad, was suddenly raised ten feet above its former level. The raised portion still stands up above the unraised, like a long, perpendicular wall, Well, then, I think I shall be able to show that the volcano and the earthquake, dreadful as they are, as local and temporary visitations, are in fact unavoidable (I had almost said necessary) incidents in a vast system of action to which we owe the very ground we stand upon, the very land we inhabit, without which neither man, beast, nor bird would have a place for their existence, and the world would be the habitation of nothing but fishes.

This, then, is the manner in which the earthquake does its work; *and it is always at work.* Somewhere or other in the world, there is perhaps not a day, certainly not a month, without an earthquake. In those districts of South and Central America, where the great chain of volcanic cones is situated—Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and a long list with names unmentionable, or at least unpronounceable—the inhabitants no more think of counting earthquake shocks than we do of counting showers of rain. Indeed, in some places along that coast, a shower is a greater rarity. Even in our own island, near Perth, a year seldom passes without a shock, happily, within the records of history, never powerful enough to do any mischief.

It is not everywhere that this process goes on by fits and starts. For instance, the northern gulfs, and borders of the Baltic Sea, are steadily shallowing, and the whole mass of Scandinavia, including Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, is rising out of the sea at the average rate of about two feet per century. But as this fact (which is perfectly well established by reference to ancient high and low water-marks) is not so evidently connected with the action of earthquakes, I shall not further refer to it just now. All that I want to show is, that there is a great cycle of changes going on, in which the earthquake and volcano act a very conspicuous part, *and that part a restorative and conservative one,* in opposition to the steadily destructive and levelling action of the ocean waters.

How this can happen, what can be the origin of such an enormous power thus occasionally exerting itself, will no doubt seem very marvellous—little short, indeed, of miraculous intervention—but the mystery, after all, is not quite so great as at first it seems. We are permitted to look a little way into these great secrets of nature; not far enough, indeed, to clear up every difficulty, but quite enough to penetrate us with admiration of that wonderful system of counterbalances and compensations, that adjustment of causes and consequences, by which, throughout all nature, evils are made to work their own cure, life to spring out of death, and renovation to tread in the steps and efface the vestiges of decay.

The key to the whole affair is to be found in the central heat of the earth. This is no scientific dream, no theoretical notion, but a fact established by direct evidence up to a certain point, and standing out from plain facts as a matter of unavoidable conclusion in a hundred ways.

We all know that when we go into a cellar out of a summer sun, it feels *cool,* but when we go into it out of a wintry frost it is *warm.* The fact is, that a cellar, or a well, or any pit of a moderate depth, has always, day and night, summer and winter, the same degree of warmth, the same *temperature,* as it is called, and *that* always and everywhere is the same, or nearly the same, as the average warmth of the climate of the place. Forty or fifty feet deep in the ground, a thermometer here, in this spot,† would always mark the same degree, 49 degrees that is, or seventeen degrees above the freezing point. Under the equator, at the same depth, it always stands at 84 degrees, which is our *hot summer* heat, but which there is the average heat of the whole year. And this is so everywhere. Just at the surface, or a few inches below it, the ground is warm in the daytime, cool at night, at two or three feet deep the difference of day and night is hardly perceptible, but that of summer and winter is considerable. But at forty or fifty feet this difference also disappears, and you find a perfectly fixed, uniform degree of warmth, day and night, summer and winter, year after year.

But when we go deeper, as, for instance, down into mines or coal-pits, this one broad and general fact is always observed—everywhere, in all countries, in all latitudes, in all climates, wherever there are mines, or deep subterranean caves—the deeper you go, the hotter the earth is found to be. In one and the same mine, each particular depth has its own particular degree of heat, which never varies, but the lower always the hotter; and that not by a trifling, but what may well be called an astonishingly rapid rate of increase—about a degree of the thermometer additional warmth for every 90 feet of additional depth, which is about 60 degrees per mile!—so that, if we had a shaft sunk a mile deep, we should find a heat of 109 degrees, which is much hotter than the hottest summer day ever experienced in England.

It is not everywhere, however, that it is worth while to sink a shaft to any great depth; but borings for water (in what are called Artesian wells) are often made to enormous depths, and the water always comes up hot; and the deeper the boring, the hotter the water. There is a very famous boring of this sort in Paris, at La Grenelle. The water rises from a depth of 1,794 feet, and its temperature is 82 degrees of our scale, which is almost that of the equator. And, again, at Salzwerth, in Oeynhausen, in Germany, in a boring for salt springs 2,144 feet deep, the salt water comes up with a still higher heat, viz.: 91 degrees. Then, again, we have natural hot water springs, which rise, it is true, from depths we have no means of ascertaining, but which, from the earliest recorded times, have always maintained the same heat. At Bath, for instance, the hottest well is 117 degrees Fahr. On the Arkansas River, in the United States, is a spring of 180 degrees, which is scalding hot; and that out of the neighborhood of any volcano.

Now, only consider what sort of a conclusion this lands us in. This globe of ours is 8,000 miles in diameter; a mile deep on its surface is a mere scratch. If a man had twenty greatcoats on, and I found under the first a warmth of 60 degrees above the external air, I should expect to find 60 degrees more under the second, and 60 degrees more under the third, and so on; and, within all, *no man,* but a mass of red-hot iron. Just so with the outside crust of the earth. Every mile thick is such a greatcoat, and at twenty miles depth, according to this rate, the ground must be fully red-hot; and at no such very great depth beyond, either the whole must be melted, or only the most infusible and intractable kinds of material, such as our fire-clays and flints, would present some degree of solidity.

In short, what the icefloes and icebergs are to the polar seas, so we shall come to regard our continents and mountain ranges in relation to the ocean of melted matter beneath. I do not mean to say there is no solid central mass; there may be one, or they may not, and, upon the whole, I think it likely enough that there is—kept solid, in spite of the heat, by the enormous pressure; but that has nothing to do with my present argument. All that I contend for is this,—Grant me a sea of liquid fire, on which we are all floating,—land and sea; for the bottom of the sea, anyhow, will not come nearly down to the lava level. The sea is probably nowhere more than five or six miles deep, which is far enough above that level to keep its bed from becoming red-hot.

Well, now, the land is perpetually wearing down, and the materials carried out to sea. The coat of heavier matter is thinning off towards the land, and thickening over all the bed of the sea. What must happen? If a ship floats even on her keel, transfer weight from the starboard to the larboard side, will she continue to float even? No, certainly. She will heel over to larboard. Many a good ship has gone to the bottom in this way. If the continents are lightened, they will rise; if the bed of the sea receives additional weight, it will sink. The bottom of the Pacific *is* sinking, in point of fact. Not that the Pacific is becoming *deeper.* This seems a paradox; but it is easily explained. The whole bed of the sea is in the act of being pressed down *by the laying on of new solid substance over its bottom.* The new bottom then is laid upon the old, and so the actual bed of the ocean remains at the same distance from the surface water. But what becomes of the islands? They form part and parcel of the old bottom; and Dr. Darwin has shown, by the most curious and convincing proofs, that they *are sinking,* and *have been sinking for ages,* and are only kept above water—by what, think you? By the labors of the coral insects, which always build up to the surface!

It is impossible but that this increase of pressure in some places and relief in others must be very unequal in their bearings. So that at some places or other this solid floating crust must be brought into a state of strain, and if there be a weak or a soft part, a crack will at last take place. When this happens, down goes the land on the heavy side, and up on the light side. Now this is exactly what took place in the earthquake which raised the Ullah Bund in Cutch. I have told you of a great crack down across the country, not far from the coast line; the inland country rose ten feet, but much of the sea-coast, and probably a large tract in the bed of the Indian Ocean, sunk considerably below its former level. And just as you see when a crack takes place in ice, the water oozes up, so this kind of thing is always, or almost always followed by an upburst of the subterranean fiery matter. The earthquake of Cutch was terminated by the outbreak of a volcano at the town of Bhoot, which it destroyed.

Now where, following out this idea, should we naturally expect such cracks and outbreaks to happen? Why, of course, along those lines where the relief of pressure on the land side is the greatest, and also its increase on the sea side; that is to say, along or in the neighborhood of the sea-coasts, where the destruction of the land is going on with most activity. Well, now, it is a remarkable fact in the history of volcanos, that there is hardly an instance of an active volcano at any considerable distance from the sea-coast. All the great volcanic chain of the Andes is close to the western coast line of America. Etna is close to the sea; so is Vesuvius; Teneriffe is very near the African coast; Mount Erebus is on the edge of the great Antartic continent. Out of 225 volcanos which are known to have been in actual eruption over the whole earth within the last 150 years, I remember only a single instance of one more than 320 miles from the sea, and even that is on the edge of the Caspian, the largest of all the inland seas—I mean Mount Demawend in Persia.

Suppose from this, or from any other cause, a crack to take place in the solid crust of the earth. Don't imagine that the melted matter below will simply come up quietly, as water does from under an ice-crack. No such thing. There is an element in the case we have not considered: Steam and condensed gases. We all know what happens when a crack takes place in a high-pressure steam-boiler, with what violence the contents escape, and what havoc takes place. Now there is no doubt that among the minerals of the subterranean world, there is water in abundance, and sulphur, and many other vaporizable substances, all kept subdued and repressed by the enormous pressure. Let this pressure be relieved, and forth they rush, and the nearer they approach the surface the more they expand, and the greater is the explosive force they acquire, till at length, after more or fewer preparatory shocks, each accompanied with progressive weakening of the overlying strata, the surface finally breaks up, and forth rushes the imprisoned power, with all the awful violence of a volcanic eruption.

Certainly a volcano does seem to be a very bad neighbor; and yet it does afford a compensation in the extraordinary richness of the volcanic soil, and the fertilizing quality of the ashes thrown out. The flanks of Somma (the exterior crater of Vesuvius) are covered with vineyards producing wonderful wine, and whoever has visited Naples, will not fail to be astonished at the productiveness of the volcanized territory as contrasted with the barrenness of the limestone rocks bordering on it. There you will see the amazing sight (as an English farmer would call it) of a triple crop growing at once on the same soil; a vineyard, an orchard, and a corn-field all in one. A magnificent wheat crop, five or six feet high, overhung with clustering grapevines swinging from one apple or pear tree to another in the most luxuriant festoons! When I visited Somma, to see the country where the celebrated wine, the Lacryma Christi, is grown, it was the festival of the Madonna del Arco; her church was crowded to suffocation with a hot and dusty assemblage of the peasantry. The fine impalpable volcanic dust was everywhere; in your eyes, in your mouth, beginning every pore; and there I saw what I shall never forget. Jammed among the crowd, I felt something jostling my legs; looking down, and the crowd making way, I beheld a line of worshippers crawling on their hands and knees from the door of the church to the altar, licking the dusty pavement all the way with their tongues, positively applied to the ground and no mistake. No trifling dose of Lacryma would be required to wash down what they must have swallowed on that journey, and I have no doubt it was administered pretty copiously after the penance was over.

Now I came to consider the manner in which an earthquake is propagated from place to place; how it travels, in short. It runs along the earth precisely in the same manner, and according to the same mechanical laws, as a wave along the sea, or rather as the waves of sound run along the air, but quicker. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon ran out from thence, as from a centre, in all directions, at a rate averaging about twenty miles per minute, as far as could be gathered from a comparison of the times of its occurrence at different places; but there is little doubt that it must have been retarded by having to traverse all sorts of ground, for a blow or shock of any description is conveyed through the substance on which it is delivered with the rapidity of *sound* in that substance. Perhaps it may be new to many to be told that sound is conveyed by water, by stone, by iron, and indeed by everything, and at a different rate for each. In air it travels at a rate of about 1,140 feet per second, or about 12 miles in a minute. In water much faster, more than four times as fast (4,700 feet). In iron ten times as fast (11,400 feet), or about 130 miles in a minute, so that a blow delivered endways at one end of an iron rod, 130 miles long, would only reach the other after the lapse of a minute, and a pull at one end of an iron wire of that length, would require a minute before it would be felt at the other. But the substance of the earth through which the shock is conveyed is not only far less elastic than iron, but it does not form a coherent, connected body; it is full of interruptions, cracks, loose materials, and all these tend to deaden and retard the shock, and putting together all the accounts of the earthquakes that have been exactly observed, their rate of travel may be taken to vary from as low as 12 or 13 miles a minute to 70 or 80, but perhaps the low velocities arise from oblique waves.

The way, then, that we may conceive an earthquake to travel is this,—I shall take the case which is most common, when the motion of the ground to-and-fro is horizontal. *Now far* each particular spot on the surface of the ground is actually pushed from its place there is no way of ascertaining, since all the surrounding objects receive the same impulse almost at the same instant of time, but there are many indications that it is often several yards. In the earthquake of Cutch, which I have mentioned, trees were seen to flog the ground with their branches, which proves that their stems must have been jerked suddenly away for some considerable distance and as suddenly pushed back; and the same conclusion follows from the sudden rise of the water of lakes on the side where the shock reaches them, and its fall on the opposite side; the bed of the lake has been jerked away for a certain distance from under the water and pulled back.

Now, suppose a row of sixty persons, standing a mile apart from each other, in a straight line, in the direction in which the shock travels, at a rate, we will suppose, of sixty miles per minute, and let the ground below the first get a sudden and violent shove, carrying it a yard in the direction of the next. Since this shock will not reach the next till after the lapse of one second of time, it is clear that the space between the two will be shortened by a yard, and the ground—that is to say, not the mere loose soil on the surface, but the whole mass of solid rock below, down to an unknown depth—compressed, or driven into a smaller space. It is this compression that carries the shock forwards. The elastic force of the rocky matter, like a coiled spring, acts both ways; it drives back the first man to his old place, and shoves the second a yard nearer to the third, and so on. Instead of men place a row of tall buildings, or columns, and they will tumble down in succession, the last flying forwards, and leaving the tops behind to drop on the soil on the side *from* which the shock comes. This is just what was seen to happen in Messina in the great Calabrian earthquake. As the shock ran along the ground, the houses of the Faro were seen to topple down in succession, beginning at one end and running on to the other, as if a succession of mines had been sprung. In the earthquake in Cutch, a sentinel standing at one end of a long straight line of wall, saw the wall bow forward and recover itself, not all at once, but with a swell like a wave running all along it with immense rapidity. In this case it is evident that the earthquake-wave must have had its front oblique to the direction of the wall (just as an obliquely-held ruler runs along the edge of a page of paper while it advances, like a wave of the sea, perpendicularly to its own length).

In reference to extinct volcanos, I may just mention that any one in England who wishes to see some of the finest specimens in Europe may do so by making a couple of days' railway travel to Clermont, in the department of the Puy de Dome in France. There he will find a magnificent series of volcanic cones, fields of ashes, streams of lava, and basaltic terraces or platforms, proving the volcanic action to have been continued for countless ages before the present surface of the earth was formed; and all so clear that he who runs may read their lesson. There can be seen a configuration of surface quite resembling what telescopes show in the most volcanic districts of the moon. Let not the reader be startled; half the moon's face is covered with craters of extinct volcanos.

Many of the lavas of Auvergne and the Puy de Dome are basaltic; that is, consisting of columns placed close together; and some of the cones are quite complete, and covered with loose ashes and cinders, just as Vesuvius is at this hour.

In the study of these vast and awful phenomena we are brought in contact with those immense and rude powers of nature which seem to convey to the imagination the impress of brute force and lawless violence; but it is not so. Such an idea is not more derogatory to the wisdom and benevolence that prevails throughout all the scheme of creation than it is in itself erroneous. In their wildest paroxysms the rage of the volcano and the earthquake is subject to great and immutable laws: they feel the bridle and obey it. The volcano bellows forth its pent up overplus of energy, and sinks into long and tranquil repose. The earthquake rolls away, and industry, that balm which nature knows how to shed over every wound, effaces its traces, and festoons its ruins with flowers. There is mighty and rough work to be accomplished, and it cannot be done by gentle means. It seems, no doubt, terrible, awful, perhaps harsh, that twenty or thirty thousand lives should be swept away in a moment by a sudden and unforeseen calamity; but we must remember that sooner or later every one of those lives must be called for, and it is by no means the most sudden end that is the most afflictive. It is well too that we should contemplate occasionally, if it were only to teach us humility and submission, the immense energies which are everywhere at work in maintaining the system of nature we see going on so smoothly and tranquilly around us, and of which these furious outbreaks, after all, are but minute, and for the moment unbalanced surpluses in the great account. The energy requisite to overthrow a mountain is as a drop in the ocean compared with that which holds it in its place, and makes it a mountain. Chemistry tells us that the forces constantly in action to maintain four grains of zinc in its habitual state, when only partially and sparingly let loose in the form of electricity, would supply the lightning of a considerable thunder-storm. And we learn from optics, science that in even the smallest element of every material body, nay, even in *what we call* empty space, there are forces in perpetual action to which even such energies sink into insignificance. Yet, amid all this, nature holds her even course: the flowers blossom; animals enjoy their brief span of existence; and man has leisure and opportunity to contemplate and adore, secure of the watchful care which provides for his wellbeing at every instant that he is permitted to remain on earth.

* Not that earthquakes always raise the soil; there are plenty of instances of subsidence, etc.

† At Hawkhurst in Kent.

SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Roses bloom at my window,
Glowing, and fresh, and gay,—
But my rosy bloom is faded,
For thou art far away!

Throstles sing in the meadow,
Drunken with love and May,—
But my voice is broken with sighing,
For thou art far away!

Sunlight, moon and starlight,
Sparkle by night and day,—
But my life creeps on in darkness,
For thou art far away!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

☞ God's family is mankind. There is no such thing as primogeniture in spiritual things. God will not give the whole estate to the oldest boy, and throw the rest of the children upon their own resources. He treats all alike.

A HALF REGRET.

I sit in the gloom
Of my ghost-haunted room,
And watch for your passing adown the long street—
I can nod and bow
And so little to tell
To prove that life ever was happy or sweet!

We are silent for aye,
And you pass on your way
With a smile, or a nod, or an affable word,
In the midst of our speech
Gilding out of my reach,
Like the sweep of the wind, or the flight of a bird.

In the sweet summer tide,
When I walked by your side,
No lover—no suitor—but only a friend,
You were more than I know,
More dear and more true—
That beautiful summer—oh, why did it end!

To-day is more fair—
There is balm in the air,
And royal ripe roses hang heavy with dew,
But something has fled
From the soul of their red—
They are not like the roses I gathered for you.

Alas! like all men,
I have wandered since then—
I have found and have loved fairer faces than yours,
But still all the while
For your voice and your smile
Is gnawing a hunger that nothing else cures.

And all the years through
Which divide me from you—
Ah, what have they left me to prize or to boast?
I have dreamed of you still,
And through blessing and ill,
You have walked by my side like a beautiful ghost.

So be it—I yield,
But my pain is not healed,
Though the summer is here with its bloom and its dew—
Farewell, vision—go,
But you never will know
How tenderly always my thoughts are with you!

JUMPING JACK'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

It was the morning of a bright cloudless day in June, and the soft fresh air was full of song and perfume, when Fanny Berrian, a fair and delicate girl of sixteen years, the only daughter of the Rev. Francis Berrian, the clergyman of Chester, was returning from her morning walk, and as she passed the head of Brier Lane, it looked so cool, and green, and shady, that a sudden whim prompted her to turn into it.

Briar Lane was, as its name would indicate, rather a lonely and unfrequented road; the only dwelling it could boast being a large and substantial, but rather dilapidated, old stone farm-house which stood some distance back from the street, and was nearly hidden by a high fence and the tall neglected trees which surrounded it. The old house had been so long without a tenant that common report in the village said that it was haunted, although by whom or by what seemed rather an unsettled question, even among the most zealous propagandists of the report; but Fanny Berrian was no believer in ghosts, at least not in broad daylight, and she tripped merrily along the almost untrodden pathway without fear or misgiving.

But as Fanny reached the fence which separated what had once been a garden from the roadside, a loud, shrill "whoop," something between a bird-call and an Indian war-whoop, startled her; she looked around, but saw no one; a loud burst of laughter succeeded, and then a merry young voice called out, "Hullo!" but still Fanny failed to discover the speaker.

"Hullo, I say; look up!" cried the voice, and looking up, Fanny saw a young girl, apparently some years younger than herself, standing perfectly erect, without any visible means of support, upon the horizontal branch of a tree far above her head. She was a girl of slight, graceful figure, with oval face, and delicate, finely-cut features; her dark olive complexion, clear and brilliant, being relieved by heavy braids of glossy dark hair, a small scarlet mouth, and eyes and teeth which glittered like cut steel. "Hullo, I say!" she repeated again, with a familiar nod, when she saw she had gained Fanny's attention.

"Are you speaking to *me?*" asked Fanny, in some surprise at the unusual style of the address.

"To be sure I am—who else? I want to see you; hold on a minute, can't you? I'll come down," and suiting the action to the word, she began to descend; skipping from bough to bough, and swinging herself from branch to branch in sailor fashion, hand over hand, in what seemed, in the eyes of gentle, quiet Fanny, a frightful temerity (reckless and fool-hardy in itself, and wholly unbefitting a young lady), lowering herself thus, rapidly, to the fence, where she alighted, roosting upon the top rail, where she balanced herself in a sitting attitude so decidedly bird-like that Fanny felt as if her feet must have been claws to make her maintain her strange position.

"Well!" she said, when she had settled herself—"How do do?—you're Fanny Minister, ain't you?"

"I am the minister's daughter Fanny, if that is what you mean," said Fanny, who could not help laughing.

"Oh, well, all right—that's it; means the same, I suppose, or pretty near it."

"And what did you want of me?" asked Fanny.

"Well, I thought I'd like to be acquainted with you."

"Oh!" said Fanny rather doubtful on her part of the sociability of such a singular acquaintance.

"Well, you see, I don't know anybody round here; it's a dismal, out hole, and I thought I should like to know you; I met you once down at the store, and I took a fancy to you then."

"I do not remember meeting you," said Fanny.

"Well, may be not; I don't suppose you do. I don't know as you saw me; I rather guess you didn't; but I saw you: don't you know that day when that little Irish gal came in and tripped on the step and fell, and broke her milk jug, and cut her arm and cried? Oh, my soul and body, how she did howl! Why, don't you remember that?"

"Yes," said Fanny, "I do remember that."

"Well, I was there, if you didn't see me. You picked her up, and bought her another pitcher, and comforted her up, and told her you'd go home with her; and I thought it was real kind in you, for she was a hateful, dirty little thing—just as dirty as a little pig, I couldn't have touched her, but I liked it in you; and I thought—if you didn't mind—I'd like to be friends with you."

"Thank you," said Fanny, smiling at this frankly proffered friendship. "But I should like to know something about you. You forget I do not even know your name."

"Well, that's easy told, and it won't be a long job either—it's Beatrice."

"Beatrice! that's a pretty name—Beatrice what?"

"Well, I guess there ain't any more of it; if there is, I never heard of it."

"But what is the name of your parents?" asked Fanny.

"Haven't got any."

"What, neither father nor mother?"

"Neither! I guess my mother died when I was born, and I don't know anything about my father; s'pose I had one once, because it's customary, I believe; but I don't know whatever become of him. I s'pose he's dead, long ago. He must be, or he'd have come to light before now, wouldn't he?"

"And don't you even know his name?"

"No! I suppose my grandmother does, but if she does she won't tell me; but she always says he was a 'foreign Jumping Jack,' so I guess he was a dancing master: but I never heard so."

"Poor child!" said Fanny, compassionately.

"Poor child, indeed!" repeated the young girl, sadly. "I guess you'd say so if you knew all; for that ain't the worst of it, I can tell you."

"And do you live here, Beatrice?"

"Yes; I live here," said the girl, her expressive features wrinkling up as she spoke with a look of ineffable disgust; ain't it a pity place? As cheerful as a rat hole, only not quite so sociable."

"And who do you live with?" asked Fanny, taking no notice of the expressive look, though she could not fail to observe it.

"Oh! with my grandmother—Grandmother Gray—but not 'without tooth or tongue,' as the old song used to say. I wish to the Lord she *was;* but she has got both, and awful long ones too, I can tell you; and don't she know how to use 'em? 'specially the latter."

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" said the gentle listener, who was shocked at this irreverence for an older person; "who are you speaking of? Not your own grandmother!"

"Yes, I am," said the girl, bitterly; "and good enough for her: I hate her!"

"Hate your grandmother? Oh! Beatrice, I'm afraid you are not a good girl then."

"Yes I am too; but I guess you don't know. Maybe if you had a grandmother you'd hate her too."

"No, indeed, I should not," said Fanny, her soft eyes filling with tears as she spoke; "I'm sure I shouldn't; I did have a grandmother once, and I loved her dearly, dearly; but she is dead."

"Well, mine ain't," said Beatrice; "I wish she was, that's all; I'd like to change with you; come, how'll you swap? My grandmother is always sick, and says she's going to die, but I guess there's no hopes of it—I've heard it too often. I only wish she would."

"Oh, don't say so," said Fanny. "It's wicked, I'm sure it is; and you will be sorry enough when she is dead and gone."

"Not a bit of it; don't you believe any such nonsense; I'll be a deal better off."

"You silly child! why, what would you do?"

"Do? I'd know what to do quick enough. I'd leave this horrid, lonely old place and go back to New York. I'd go now; I'd run away only I haven't got a cent, and couldn't walk there, you know; and I suppose if I did go off she'd come after me like vengeance and scold like sixty. Don't you suppose she would?"

"Go to New York!" repeated Fanny, to whose rustic ears that city had always sounded like a mighty Babel. "Why, you poor child! what would you do in New York? have you any friends there?"

"No," said Beatrice, slightly shifting her rather trying position on the fence: "I haven't got *any* friends there or any where else that I know of."

"Then what would become of you in New York—what would you do?"

"Oh! I guess I'd know what to do fast enough. Did you ever go to the circus?"

"No," said Fanny, smiling; "never!"

"Well, I did once, and it's just heavenly!"

"And how came you to go to such a place?" asked Fanny.

"*Such a place,* indeed! You don't know anything about it; if you never went there, how could you? and you're the more to be pitied, for it's splendid! Well, grandmother she was sick (sicker than usual, I mean,) and poor Janey she had her hands full tending her, for she's a real dragon when she's sick, I can tell you, and wears Janey off her legs tending her; Janey says sometimes she guesses she'll have to gent a tinker to patch up her patience for her, for she says it's 'most worn to rags! And so, while Janey was busy, I ran down to Mr. Smith's the grocer's her, (it was when we lived in New York,) and he and his children were all going, and he said he'd take me with 'em, he was a real good sort of a man and kind, and so I went, but when grandmother found it out wasn't she mad? But she couldn't take it away from me then, you know; and if I didn't have a splendid time I don't know! Didn't you ever go to a circus—never, any one?"

Fanny shook her head.

"Oh, what a pity! And you never saw Zamperlinda? Oh, that's too bad! Well, I must tell you about her. In the first place, you see, she's the most beautiful creature, Zamperlinda is, that you ever laid your eyes on. She is not much bigger than you (well, maybe a little taller,) and she is just as white as a lily, and her cheeks as red as roses! Yes, and she had her hair done up full of flowers and feathers, and beautiful shining things hanging down behind; and oh! she had such beautiful little wings, just like a butterfly, shining like silver. I wonder did they grow there, really, truly; do you suppose they did?"

"Oh! no; I guess not," said Fanny, laughing.

"Oh! well, no; they couldn't, could they? Pshaw! no, I don't suppose they did, but they looked just as natural as natural could be! And then her dress—oh! I must tell you about that, it was so splendid! beautiful white lacy-looking stuff, all ruffles, and covered with little shiny things, just for all the world like dew. Why, it was just delightful to look at her. And she sung, but I didn't think much of her singing; to tell the truth that was rather squeaky. But then she danced—oh, so splendidly! see here—she did this way."

And springing from her roosting-place on the fence into the street Beatrice performed an exaggerated pirouette, which, though exceedingly graceful and artistic, and well-calculated to "bring down the house" on the boards of a circus, was so remarkably out of keeping with the present time, place, and audience that meek little Fanny looked at her in shuddering horror.

"Oh! don't, don't, don't, Beatrice—for mercy sake don't do so," she said, imploringly; "and right out in the street too. Oh, Beatrice, only think—what if somebody should come by and see you!"

"Well, and what if they should?" said Beatrice, stopping suddenly in the midst of her swift gyrations, and standing poised on the tips of her toes, in true ballet style, while a look of sublime contempt for Fanny's unappreciative ignorance passed across her handsome features. "What if they should? See me? I expect folks to see me—I want them to see me—I hope they will come, hundreds and thousands, from miles and miles to see me when I'm at the circus, just as they did Zamperlinda. And you must come very often, Fanny; I'll give you a free ticket any time."

"Thank you," said Fanny, not so much elated by this prospective generosity as she should have been. "But, Beatrice, what do you mean by when you are at the circus? Surely your grandmother will never let you go on to the stage?"

"Just as if I should ask her," said Beatrice, twirling round on her toes again; "I'm not such a fool as to expect she would. But if she ever should die, and she must some time or other, you know, won't I go in less than no time? Oh, it must be such a gay, easy life, all light, and flowers, and music, and dancing! Why, I have been practicing for it ever since that night. Zamperlinda had a great wreath of roses, as big as a cart-wheel, hanging up, and she stood up on the back of a horse and rode round full gallop; and every time she came to the ring of flowers she'd jump right through and come down on the horse's back again just as nice! I can't quite come it. I got a great hoop and put it up in the barn, and I hadn't any horse, you know, but I just run round full speed, and when I come to the hoop I'd try to jump through; well, sometimes I did, and sometimes I missed. But then you see petticoats are so in the way; I guess if I had a short light dress like Zamperlinda's I could get to do it first rate! And then she walked on the tight-rope, but that's easy enough; I got Jim to put me up a rope and cut me a balance-pole, and I could do that tip-top in less than no time—that's nothing! But grandmother found it out, and it was all my own fault too; I forgot (great goose as I was!) to wipe the chalk off my shoes, and so she told Jim to lock the barn-door and keep it locked just to keep me out; spiteful, wasn't it? But where there's a will there's a way; and it's ten times more fun to climb into the barn-window than it was to march in at the door; so I worked her that time, didn't I?"

"Beatrice," said Fanny, "you said your grandmother was sick; is she very sick?"

"Well, I don't know. Yes, I guess so."

"And does she have the doctor?"

"Oh! no; she never does."

"But does she keep her room?" inquired Fanny.

"Keep her room? why, she's kept her bed for a week or more."

"And have any of the neighbors been in to see her?"

"Well, no; not lately. They did come when we first lived here; but grandmother wouldn't see them, nor ask them to come again; so nobody comes now, and I shouldn't think they would."

"Do you think she would like to see my father if he should call?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I expect it would be just as the whim took her."

"Well, you know he is the minister here, and as she is a stranger and sick, I will ask him to call upon her."

"Do, do," said Beatrice, clapping her hands in glee; "that will be prime. You ask him to call and talk brimstone at her, will you? I guess it will do her good."

"Oh! Beatrice, I am ashamed of you; how can you talk so of the only friend you have in the world? You ought to love her."

"She isn't my friend," said Beatrice, passionately; "Janey is my friend; I do love her, for she is kind to me."

"And who is Janey?" asked Fanny.

"Well, she's the woman that does for us; she washes, and cooks, and makes the beds, and tends grandmother, and is good to me. Dear, old Janey! she's just as good as she can! Oh! if it wasn't for her I think I'd just hang myself. No, I don't know as I would either; for I don't suppose it would be very pleasant, and I can use a rope to better purpose. But I wouldn't stay here another day; I would go and complain to the overseers, and get them to put me into the work-house. I'm sure it would be lively and sociable there, compared to this old rat hole!"

"Why, I think it's a rather pretty place," said Fanny, looking round. "At least, I think it might be."

"Do you? I should have liked to have had you try it last winter. Why the horrid snow was over the gate, banked up for six weeks, and grandmother wouldn't let Jim dig a path. Oh, my soul and body! if you could hear the windows shake, and the old blinds rattle, and the rats and mice tramping round, squeaking and fighting, I guess you'd think it was rather pretty!"

"Well," said Fanny, "I must go now, if my father is willing I will come again and see you."

"Do, oh *do,*" said Beatrice, with an earnest kiss. "And let it be soon, that's a dear."

"Oh yes, if I can. So good-bye, Beatrice."

"Well, good-bye, Fanny; and be sure you come again very soon." And the two young girls separated; but when Fanny had nearly reached the end of the lane, a loud "*Skip-ahoy!*" made her turn round, and she saw Beatrice kissing her hand to her from the very top of a cherry tree.

Parting from her strange little companion, Fanny Berrian hastened homeward, impatient to relate to her father the adventure of the morning, and ask his sympathy and interest for Grandmother Gray and the strange, wild, but interesting little girl. But we will avail ourselves of our privilege of ubiquity and invisibility, and hasten on to precede her and give the reader some knowledge of the home and the father to whom her steps are tending.

CHAPTER II.

The Reverend Francis Berrian was the only surviving child of a gay and fashionable pair, whose career through life had been neither vicious nor unlawful, but simply selfish, worldly-minded, and superficial. Good-tempered and amiable where self-love did not interfere, living wholly upon the surface of things, floating upon current of events and rocked by the tide, they had swept along with no more of purpose or intention than the drift-wood which floats by the shore. Living wholly in the Present, gaining no experience from the Past, forming no plans for the Future,

"What Nature made them for, or God designed,
They never knew, and never sought to find."

Francis, the only one of their many children who struggled through the perils of childhood, was a bright, loving, and handsome boy; and was, of course, as near to his parent's hearts as anything had ever been, but that was not very near. Having no plans and purposes for themselves, it was not to be wondered at that they formed none for him. Responsibilities they always shook off; and thus the character and acquirements of the boy were, as far at least as they were concerned, the mere matters of chance. They clothed and fed him, and sent him to school—because all boys are clothed, and fed, and schooled. And when the boy, who really had some taste for study, grew older, and expressed a wish to go to college, they did not object—other boys went to college; why shouldn't he? But they never asked themselves or him for what purpose he was acquiring an education.

So Francis Berrian, going to college simply because other boys did, and committed those boyish indiscretions which seem such gallant exploits to young men, and such ridiculous folly to older ones; and for one of these—thoughtless in the act, but graver in its consequences—he was rusticated, and sent into the family of a country clergyman, to bide his three months' disgrace and exile.

Here his destiny met him in the form of the parson's daughter—a fair, fragile girl, with soft blue eyes, willowy curls, and a character of much insipid sweetness. Francis, of course, fell madly in love, and of course it was reciprocated, and a hasty engagement formed. The young man could not be expected to look forward to consequences; he had never been taught to do so; it was not the habit of his family. The news was transmitted to his parents, who were, to say the least, not pleased. They wrote a letter of disapproval and remonstrance; and it had all the effect which might have been expected. The young couple were married at once, to put a stop to all interference; and Francis made choice of his father-in-law's profession, and settled down to study under him.

He was a young man of fair talents, and a clever student; and when his mental powers were turned to one point, and no longer suffered to fritter themselves away over all sciences and all pursuits, he made rapid progress, and by the time his studies were over a good parish was awaiting him.

But long before that time came he had become aware of the grand mistake he had made, and saw too plainly the utter desolation of his "land of promise." The grave nature of his studies had matured and elevated his mind; his growing knowledge of human nature had revealed to him his own sad folly; and he saw clearly that, like too many men of his profession, he had married too early in life—before he understood the requirements of his own nature. His poor Mary was gentle and loving; but she was weak and inefficient physically and mentally. She had no sort of faculty, and no energy; and a great amount of both are requisite in the wife of a country clergyman, who is never a sinecurist. She always had a young baby, a sore mouth, a weak back, and poor help; and surely one half of that dreary catalogue might be cancelled to make up the sum of female infirmity! What wonder was it if the light faded from her eyes, the glow dropped from her hair, the smile fled from her lips, and the sweetness departed, leaving only the insipidity behind? She was never ungentle; but she became nervous, exacting, and querulous. To her husband's honor be it said, that though his own eyes were opened he never opened hers—never pointed out to her the mistake they had made. He bore bravely and in silence the lot he had so unwisely incurred. He soothed and sympathized, plied and aided, and took upon himself the cares to which she was unequal; he made a nursery of his study, and turned from his writing-table to answer household demands, and lived on in patient discomfort. Fortunately poverty was not added to his other burdens; he was a fine writer and an eloquent preacher, and had a wealthy and appreciative parish. But few of those who listened to his earnest and forcible sermons, rich in thought and polished in diction, guessed that they were elaborated while he sat in a darkened chamber, soothing the irritability of his sickly wife, or paced the night away, with weary steps, beneath the burden of a teething baby.

But this could not last for ever. Poor Mary lingered on until she had neither soul nor body enough to live any longer, and then the attenuated thread of life broke, and Mr. Berrian was left a widower with one daughter and two little boys. Three children!—the usual number. We have sometimes been led to wonder why it is that widowers are commonly left with three children! Is there any philosophical explanation of this remarkable fact in natural history? We know of none; but we could count up, of our own personal acquaintance, scores of widowers left with the inevitable three.

Mrs. Berrian had now been dead about four years, and affairs were a little more comfortable. Not that there was any more order in the house, but things had got into a dead-lock of disorder; and that was rather better than when poor Mary's spasmodic and ineffectual attempts at reformation had riled the whole household into chaos, which usually subsided without producing any good results.

Upon the day in which we have chosen to introduce him to the reader Mr. Berrian was sitting in a large chamber which, though not exclusively study, bedchamber, or sitting-room, partook of the characteristics of all three; the room was at the back of the house, the windows overlooking the yard, from which the dull flap of a wet sheet or table-cloth hanging on the lines, and the chatter of two women over their wash-tubs, came distinctly to his ear, and told him it was washing-day. To be sure it was Wednesday; and "Job's birth day" is usually held to fall due on Monday; but the family at the Parsonage had long been independent of system, and their washes rarely began before the middle of the week, or ended before Saturday night.

Mr. Berrian, a handsome man, of forty, possibly, with pale, intellectual features, and a slight scholarly stoop in his tall person, was sitting at a writing-table, which, from the number of its quaint, twisted legs, would no doubt have set up a claim to have "come over in the Mayflower"—that wonderfully capacious little vessel, which seems, like Noah's ark, to have brought to the shores of the New World a specimen of all that there was in the old one. This table was heaped with a mass of incongruous things—books, papers, boots and shoes, children's toys, hats, caps, gloves, and shaving things; the extinguished candle of the night before, bending like the tower of Pisa under the weight of the extinguisher; a cup and saucer, with the cold remains of some unhappy-looking coffee; and a bowl of paste with a kitchen spoon in it—very iron rusty round the spoon and very blue-mouldy on the top.

The minister himself was robed in a dressing-gown which had once been handsome; but it had seen long, hard service; it was faded, and stained, and cut at the elbows; and from its many rents the white wool of the wadding had protruded, and suggested the idea that the shepherd had sheared his flock rather extensively. Still, under and notwithstanding these absurd disadvantages, the Rev. Francis Berrian looked what he was—a gentleman and a scholar.

He was busily writing at a rickety old portable desk, so crowded with sermons that its hinges had given way to the rush of knowledge, after a vain attempt to retain all committed to its keeping; and sermons, new and old, finished and unfinished, were bulging and tumbling from its folds, while a dire accumulation of ink and dust spoke negligence in the past and hopelessness in the future of any attempt at cleaning.

Still the worthy man, so long used to all this discomfort as not to know how uncomfortable he was, wrote on. He had encountered and successfully demolished some knotty theological difficulty, and he was trying to find fitting words to convey to other minds the light which opened so clearly to his own. Half a dozen times had his retirement been invaded. The cook had flashed in, like a fiery comet, to tell him the potatoes were out; he had been called down to hold a consultation with the butcher; Eddie had brought him a cut finger for surgical aid; the grocer's bill had been thrust between his paper and his eyes; the washer-woman made a demand for starch; and two parishioners had called upon church matters. Meekly had Mr. Berrian met these various demands upon his time and patience, although each time he left his writing he felt that

——"his brain let slip
The chain of pearls which he just had strung."

And now Fanny flung open the door, and, tossing her hat on to the half-made bed, advanced with eager steps and a "Well, papa!" upon her lips.

But Mr. Berrian raised his left hand slightly in warning deprecation, and continued to write on, while a pleasant smile hovered about the quiet mouth; and Fanny, who was well used to his ways, stood waiting his leisure in loving patience, thoughtlessly amusing herself by picking the horse-hair out of the rents in the old easy-chair in which her father sat.

A few moments' silence, and then, when the fugitive thought was caught and secured, Mr. Berrian flung down the pen, and turned to his daughter with a pleasant, "Now, then, my darling!" And Fanny, seating herself on the arm of his chair, began her little narrative.

"Well, papa, I went to Mrs. Adams's, and she was very much obliged to you indeed; and John is better; and she thinks he won't have a fever, after all. And Mr. Jones says we can have the butter; but you must send for it. And I met Mary Symms, and she wants to see you—something about the pulpit-cushion, I don't know what. And Mrs. Briggs says if you will let her have the buttons and twist to-day she can finish Eddie's suit by to-morrow night. And Judge Williams sent you this book; there's something in it he thought you'd like to read—here, this is it, where he turned down the leaf. Oh! and I got you two letters from the post-office; but please, papa, don't read them now, I've got something to tell you. And Mrs. Judson Carr called me in to say if it makes no odds to you she don't want the baby christened next Sunday, because it's got the rash. And oh! papa, don't you know that old stone house in Brier Lane? Did you know anybody lived there, and had lived there for a year nearly? No? Then, I thought not! Well, there does; and it is a Mrs. Gray and her grand-daughter—such a queer, funny little girl! And her grand-mother is very sick, papa; and I said her (the little girl, I mean) that I'd ask you to call and see them." And here Fanny related the little adventure of the morning, concluding with, "Won't you go and see them, papa? The little girl seemed so lonely; and she is so pretty and so droll—will you go?"

"Certainly, my dear; I will *go* this afternoon, when I take my walk. I seldom go through Brier Lane."

"Oh! thank you, papa; and may I go with you?"

"I think not, my dear; as you saw the little girl only this morning it does not seem necessary; and from what you tell me the young lady is not all one could choose as a companion, I am afraid."

"Well, no, papa, I don't suppose she is; but she is so pretty and so interesting I want to see her again."

True to his word, the afternoon saw Mr. Berrian on his way to Brier Lane. As he entered the little neglected front yard the utter desolation and forlornness of the place would have been evident to almost any one else; but the good pastor was too much used to discomfort and neglect at home to notice them. He only thought, as the gate swinging open on a broken hinge pinched his fingers, that perhaps it would be better not to shut it at all.

Walking up the green, untrimmed pathway, something touched his arm, and turning, he found Beatrice by his side. Fanny's description of her rather remarkable person had been too accurate to admit of a doubt as to who his companion was; but the child's whole manner was so subdued and gentle, her bearing so quiet and self possessed, that he felt Fanny must have exaggerated the morning's interview.

"If you please, sir," she said, in low, sweet tones, but with a hurried tremble in her breath, "are you Fanny minister's father?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Berrian, "I am the minister; and it was my daughter Fanny who was here this morning."

"And you've come to see my grandmother?"

"Yes, if she would like to see me."

"Did Fanny tell you I wanted you to come?"

"Yes, I understood her to say so. Do you think your grandmother will be able to see me this afternoon?"

"I don't know, sir; I hope so; but if she should, please not to say I asked you to come—please don't; grandmother might be angry with me."

"Oh no, my child," said Mr. Berrian, kindly; "I will be very careful, do not fear."

"Thank you, sir; that's all." And even as it seemed to Mr. Berrian while she was speaking, she had disappeared.

The minister's summons at the door was answered by a neat looking woman, middle-aged, short, stout, and cheery-looking in face and manner.

"Is Mrs. Gray well enough to see me?" asked the gentleman.

"I guess not, sir," was the ready answer. "she's ill in bed and does not see any one, unless," she added, with an inquiring look, "your business is very important."

"Oh no," said Mr. Berrian; "I only called from a wish to be of use. I am the clergyman of this place, and hearing to-day she was here, ill, and a stranger, I called to see if I could do any thing for her. Had you not better take up my name and say I am here to offer my services in any way?"

"Oh yes, sir, I will if you wish; but I doubt if she will see you. Who shall I say?"

"Say, if you please, that Mr. Francis Berrian, the minister of this place, has just heard of her illness, and has called to ask if he can be of service to her in any way."

But the woman didn't move. Slowly ejaculating the words, "For the pity's sake!" she stood gazing at him, with open mouth and wide eyes, as if incapable of motion.

"Had you not better take up my name to Mrs. Gray?" mildly suggested the parson.

"My soul and body! goodness gracious!" said the woman, still earnestly regarding him. "Well, and if that don't beat all! I do declare! Who—*who* did you say?"

"The Reverend Francis Berrian."

"Well there—I want to know—I *never!* Why, Francis Berrian! My soul and body! Don't you know me?"

"*No!*" said Mr. Berrian, regarding her more attentively, "I do not think I do; there is something familiar in your face, too,

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but I can not recall your name. When, and where, did I ever meet you?"

"Sakes alive! Why, Francis Berrian! don't you remember Jane Mathews, who lived with your pa and ma, when you was a boy, and tended you in that typhus fever you had?"

"Jane Mathews? Yes, indeed! to be sure I do; I've thought of you many and many a time; I wonder I did not know you," said Mr. Berrian, warmly returning her cordial shake of the hand. "But that was a good while ago, Jane!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Mathews, "it's nigh upon thirty years, I guess. But you do look kind'er nat'ral after all. You see, I kep' a looking and a looking at you, and I see to myself, How much he does look like somebody or other! and, sure enough, it was *yourself* you looked like. Why, I declare! now I look at you, knowing it's you. Why, you look just as nat'ral as all outdoors!"

"And I think you look very natural too, Jane; considering how many years have gone by."

"Me? oh lawa yes; I look jest as nat'ral as a nat'ral fool, don't I? I always did. But do walk in. And so you're the minister here. I declare and vaw, if I'd have knowed it, I'd have contrived to come and hear you preach just for the fun of it! My soul! Why, Master Frank (there, excuse me, I couldn't help it, calling you so, for it's as good as a dinner to see you), do you remember that day you drank up all the tamerine water at once, and Dr. White, how he scolded me for it?"

"Oh, no! I do not remember about the tamarinds, Jane, but I *do* remember how kind and patient you were, and how you used to sing to me 'Young Johnny the Miller' and 'The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day.'"

"So I did, so I did; I declare I had forgot all about them old songs. I must try to come down to your house I guess, and see all your folks, and have a good talk, all about old times, only I don't know how to get away from here, really."

"Why, is Mrs. Gray so very ill?"

"Well, I guess she'll never be any better; that's my opinion; and I guess it's hers."

"What does the doctor say of her case?"

"Don't have say—never does—won't? I wish to the mercy she would, for I feel awful uneasy to be here, with only a dying woman and a little gal; it ain't what I hired for. But she won't send for any body else, and I hain't the heart to go off, and leave her with ony poor little Beatrice, poor child!"

"What sort of a girl is this little Beatrice?"

"As good a gal as ever lived if folks ony knew how to treat her right. But her grandmother don't, she's always grabbing at her, and hectoring her; the poor thing leads the life of a toad under a harrow. I believe she and her grandmother hate each other."

"This is very terrible, Jane. What is the cause of it?"

"Well, it's easy enough to see why Beatie hates her; she'd be an angel if she didn't; for she never gives her a pleasant word or kind look."

"But what is the reason? Does Beatrice provoke her in any way?"

"Not a bit! She never gives her a saucy answer; I wonder she don't sometimes. I don't see how she can stand it; but she keeps out of her way as much as she can, and is cutting round outdoors most of the time, poor little soul! You see, sir, as near as I can make it out, Beatrice's mother was Mrs. Gray's only child, and married against her will; and so she was mad with the man for marrying her daughter, and mad with her daughter for being married, and maddest of all with poor Beatie, for being born; just as if it was her fault, poor little soul! I dare say she didn't want to be born more'n the rest of us. I didn't want to be born; you didn't want to be born; folks don't have their choice in that matter as ever I heard of; and I'm sure if Beatie had known what a more'n dog's life she was coming to, she'd never have undertook it. But there! I'm keeping you standing listening to my gabble. You jest sit down, won't you, and I'll see if the old lady will see you? I doubt if she will though."

In a few moments Mrs. Mathews returned, in evident surprise, to say Mrs. Gray would see Mr. Berrian; and following her up stairs the pastor entered a large chamber, scrupulously neat indeed, but bare and desolate looking. It was not the mere want of comfort which struck the visitor; that would scarcely have been felt by him—he was used to that. It was the utter cheerlessness, the sense of gloom and desolation which seemed to haunt the very air, and creep round him, and enveloped him like a fog—and that he was not used to. His home, ever full of sunshine, and the glad voices of happy, loving children, was always cheerful, if disorderly.

He found Mrs. Gray—a tall, gaunt, stern-featured woman, with wildly-flashing, hollow eyes, and sallow complexion—sitting erect and stiff in bed; a dark blanket shawl being put over her head and pinned closely beneath the chin, like a hood, from whence its ample folds fell around her, enveloping her whole person, except the bony and emaciated hands which were clasped about her knees.

There was something so repellant and forbidding in the whole air and aspect of the woman that for one moment Mr. Berrian almost regretted his intrusion. But stepping quietly to the bedside, he briefly informed her he had recently learned that Brier Lane had an occupant, and hearing of her illness, he had called to offer his services. Mrs. Gray's replies were curt and almost repulsive at first, but Mr. Berrian was a true gentleman and a Christian. His naturally kind heart, and his knowledge of the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature, had given him tact, and in his frequent visits among the sick and suffering he had gained a useful experience. He asked about her health, and learned she was the victim of a cureless disease, rapidly gaining upon her. He expressed interest and sympathy, and his gentle manner and soothing words had an influence beyond his expectations. It is often the case that reserved persons, when they do cast aside their reserve and become confidential at all, are more open and communicative than those of a more genial character; and Mrs. Gray, long unused to the language of kindness, and who had for months past held communication with no being but her attendant and unloved grandchild, could not resist his persuasive voice and gentle manner. Gradually and imperceptibly to herself, led on rather by her own deep need of human sympathy than by any inquiries on his part, she told him the history of her life.

She told him of her motherless and neglected childhood; of the disappointment of her early and unhappy marriage; of her husband's alienation and unkindness; of his heartless desertion, when her only child was six months old; how her heart had then become bound up in her child, her idol, her all; how beautiful her Alice was, how lovely, how loving, and how good; how she had determined to save her from sorrows like her own; and remembering her own sad, unloved childhood, she had lavished every endearment upon her child, gratifying every wish, denying her nothing; that she had decided Alice should never marry, to be, like her, the slave of a tyrant husband; and how for years they had lived thus, mother and child, all in all to each other; and then (and here the trembling, husky voice, grew fierce and high)—a hateful foreigner, "an Italian Jumping Jack"—she used the very word little Beatrice had repeated—stole her child's heart away from her. How she had wept, and prayed, and counseled, and warned, and threatened Alice, in vain; and how, when she refused to listen to their mad folly, Alice fled from her, "and left her for the stranger;" and then how, in the rage of her great grief, she had spurned her child and cursed her son-in-law.

And then she told him that a year after this ill-omened marriage Alice's husband was called home by his mother's death; and when Beatrice was born, during his absence, Alice had sent to ask her mother to come to her, and she in her indignant scorn had refused her. And then, when she heard of Alice's danger, her mother's heart gave way, and she went—alas! too late! too late! Alice had only lived to see her child baptized into the faith of its father, and had named it Beatrice for his mother. "And then," she said, "I was mad—mad with remorse and rage. I determined to pay back to him the bitter wrong he had done to me: he had stolen my child; I would steal his. A poor exchange, his miserable, wailing baby, for my beautiful and loving girl! I collected together all I was worth; I took the child and fled, and hid myself, my wrongs, and my revenge, in the heart of a great city. But what then? I had bereft him of his child—that was something. But what had I gained? His child bore no look of my lost Alice. She was all father; and the hated resemblance was a daily curse to me."

Then she said that, not knowing if the man she so hated was in this country or not, she had feared that Beatrice, who was fast outgrowing her control, might, from her resemblance to her father and her Italian name, be discovered by some of her father's friends; and she had removed to the country, to keep her still in retirement. But her own life was failing fast—she wanted some legal adviser; could Mr. Berrian recommend some one to her?

This Mr. Berrian readily promised; and then, feeling her time was indeed short, he spoke to her, kindly but plainly, pointing out to her the deep sin of her life, and urging upon her repentance and reparation, so far as it was now in her power to effect. Then he asked if there was anything against the character of Beatrice's father?

Mrs. Gray paused a while before replying to this question. She had so hated the man—so long regarded him as an enemy—that it was hard to bear a fair testimony in regard to him. But though blinded by passion she was truthful, and acknowledged it was jealous love for her child which had prejudiced her so much against him.

After a long and earnest conversation, in which Mr. Berrian had the satisfaction of finding her feelings much less vehement than at first, he rose to leave her, promising to call the next day.

"But you have not told me yet the name of little Beatrice's father," he said, as he bade her good-by; "have you any objection to my knowing it?"

"Only that I hate to speak it," she said. "It has not passed my lips for years. His name was Orsini; he called himself a Count, but all foreigners do *that*, I believe—don't they?"

"Count Orsini! What! Not Count Leopold Orsini?" said Mr. Berrian.

"Yes; that is what he called himself."

"Is it possible? Why, I knew him well. He was my early friend and class-mate, and a better man or a truer gentleman I never knew! Is it possible that Beatrice is my old friend's child? But I have made you a long call, and I fear a fatiguing one. Good-by; I will call again, if you would like to see me; and I will send a lawyer to you to-morrow."

CHAPTER III.

For nearly two weeks Mr. Berrian and Fanny were almost daily visitors at Brier Lane, where, by Mr. Berrian's active kindness, a good nurse and physician were now in attendance, and the worthy clergyman had the deep satisfaction of knowing that under his gentle ministrations, as Mrs. Gray's life ebbed away, the fierce vindictive rancor of her resentment subsided. She even, at his request, allowed him to write a letter to the once hated Orsini, to be given to him *after her death*, in which she asked and accorded forgiveness for their mutual wrong-doing; for no argument or *her* friendly adviser could convince her he had not wronged her as much in *marrying her child* as she had him in kidnapping his. But, though stubbornly obtuse upon this one point, she was penitent and resigned, and Mr. Berrian felt that the close of her life was far more peaceful and more hopeful than could have been expected from the first interview.

When the last sad scene was over Mr. Berrian found she had left a will, giving all the little property she had to Beatrice, and naming him as executor and guardian; and he took her at once to his own house till her father should be found and summoned. Thither Jane Matthews accompanied her, as she expressed a wish to be near Beatrice until she found her father. "For though she's a real good child," she said, "and don't mean the least mite of harm, yet she has queer ways, and ain't a bit like other gals. And I'd like to hang round till her father comes; and I guess I can contrive to make myself useful in your family. I can 'most always work my passage, in one way or another, while I've got my ten fingers."

And useful, indeed, Mrs. Matthews did make herself in the minister's disorderly house; always cheerful and pleasant-tempered, her quiet energy was daily spent in bringing order out of confusion, and neatness out of topsy-turvyness.

Beatrice, under her training, had already acquired habits of neatness which would last her a lifetime. And poor, motherless Fanny only needed example and stimulus to make her a clever little housekeeper; while, in return, her quiet, gentle ways were fast subduing the boyishness rudeness of Beatrice. Day by day, without annoyance or encroachment, the house began to wear a new aspect; and while Jane stood between the master and his servants and tradespeople, she saved him from the wastefulness of the one and the peculations of the others, and frugal, but orderly, well-served meals took the place of coarse profusion. At last the ambition of the zealous and affectionate reformer reached even to the person of the minister himself (and not before it was needed).

"Fanny, dear," she said, one day, as he came from his room equipped for a walk, and looking even more forlorn and shabby than usual—"Fanny, dear, you ain't going to let your pa go down the street such a figure as he is, be you?"

"Figure!" said Fanny, looking up in consternation, with partial eyes which could see nothing wrong in the father she loved and venerated.

"Figure!" said the impulsive Beatrice, jumping up. "Why, Janey! what do you mean? I'm sure he's the handsomest man in town, and the best."

"What is the matter with me, Jane?" said the amused parson, turning from the admiring girls to the friendly critic. "What is amiss?"

"Well, excuse me, sir, but you do look like the very old Scrantum, begging your pardon! Why, your coat is all dusty, and it's real threadbare all round the collar and cuffs; and it's lost two buttons, and one button hole is all tore out—see here! And who under the canopy ever saw a Christian minister in low-cut shoes and blue yarn stockings before? I'm sure I never did in all my days. And I don't really think, sir, you've shaved to-day, or yesterday either, have you?"

"No," said Mr. Berrian, rubbing his chin, "I haven't. It is some trouble to have the water brought up, and I don't shave every day."

"Trouble!" said Mrs. Matthews; "no it ain't; no trouble in the world; not a mite of trouble. I'll see to that. But really I wonder how your people have any respect for you if you go among them looking so. Why, your collar looks as though you'd slept in it. Fanny, dear, hain't your pa got a better suit?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Berrian, "I have; but I thought this would do."

"Do to work in the garden with, but not to walk out in. Fanny, dear, you jest git out his best suit, and I'll brush 'um. I guess he can afford to dress like a gentleman, your pa can. And here, Beatie, your fingers can go like a steam-engine, you jest sew up the rips in these old black gloves, won't you? Now, Mr. Berrian, if you'll step up-stairs I'll bring up the water, and you jest shave, and spruce up a bit, while Joe brushes your shoes. And, Fanny, hain't he got any black stockings? You jest get him out a pair, won't you?"

When Mrs. Matthews took up the water she stopped to lay out fresh linen, and such an array of ragged, buttonless garments rarely graced the domestic museum of any man, bachelor or benedict.

"My soul and body!" soliloquized the zealous little woman as she shook them out one after another, and laid them aside in a hopeless state of raggedness. "Why goodness o' man! it's enough to make a body's hair stand on end to see such a set of raggified rums! I wonder how he ever got into 'um. There ain't one fit for a chimney-sweeper to put on. I guess he had to turn the corner sudden when he see the ragman coming. I declare a sewing-machine that would run itself and find its own thread wouldn't more'n meet the wants of this family!"

But thinking this, she only *said:* "I guess you want some new shirts, Mr. Berrian; if you'll give me the money I'll go to the store and get the linen, and I and these gals can make you a set jest as well as not while I'm here; and I'll bet they'll wear as long agen as these boughten store things."

By the time Mr. Berrian shaved, combed, and brushed, and in his better suit, came down from his chamber, Jane handed him a pair of nicely-polished shoes. "There!" she said; "them look something like! Why, they was as red as a copper. Now, Fanny, get him a clean handkerchief. Lord, child! not a red one, for the pity's sake! Do get a white one, dear!"

"He hasn't got any others," said Fanny, laughing; "he never has."

"Why, Fanny Berrian! you don't mean to say your pa takes one of them red silk things to church with him, and lays it on the pulpit cushions close to the Holy Bible, do you?"

"I guess he does," said Fanny.

"Why, is it very wicked, Jane?" asked the amused object of her cares.

"Well, I should think so, sir," said Jane, gravely. "Wasn't the old Levites in the Bible times, forbid to serve in the Temple without clean white linen? You ought to know best; but I should think you might be as nice as one of them old Jews anyhow!"

"It would seem so," said the minister, meekly, although he could not help smiling at the quaint authority.

"Fanny, dear, you jest run and get him one of your handkerchiefs just for to-day, won't you? I suppose you don't carry red ones, though I don't know as it would be a bit worse if you did! And if you please, sir, I'll get you a dozen when I get the linen."

"Very well, Jane, get just what you think best, and thank you, too; only don't make quite a beau of me in my old age."

"Oh, don't he look a picture!" cried Beatrice, impulsively, as the really handsome parson, in trim attire and much improved by his careful toilet, walked forth almost like a new creation. "Is not he a beauty, and the best man in the world too? Oh! Fanny! if you'll sell me half your right in him I'll give you all my grandmother has left, and think I'd made a blessed good bargain too. Oh, if my new father would only be like *him* I wouldn't say a word against him."

"Say a word against him?" said Mrs. Matthews; "I should think not, indeed! Why, Beatie, most girls would be wild with delight to find a father."

"Well, I am not," said Beatrice, frankly. "I suppose it is because I am not used to having fathers, and it comes awkward to me; and it is rather hard on me—now you must both allow that—just as I have got rid of my grandmother."

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" said Fanny, reproachfully.

"Well, I know, I did not mean to, Fanny, I won't. I mean just as I thought I was going to be my own mistress, and have my own way, and do what I choose, and be just as happy as a duck in a mud-puddle, I am told I've got this unnecessary father knocking about the world somewhere; and of course he'll come and put a stop to everything. Now what need is there of my having a father at this late day? I did without so long I guess I could worry through alone. And then, when he does come, what a fussy time that will be! I shan't know what to say or do. I shall appear like a fool, I know I shall. I've tried half a dozen times to make up a speech, and I can't. What *must* I say? I can't get beyond 'Oh, my beloved father!'—and *that's* a fib!"

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Mathews. "Don't bother your silly little head in that way. He won't want a speech from you, I'll bet."

"But what must I say and do? Do tell me!"

"Don't say or do nothing. Wait and see what he says and does. He is the one to say and do, not you."

"Well, now," said Beatrice, "is he? There's some sense in that. Janey, you are a darling; you always come to my relief. I never thought of that before; it's quite an idea. And so he is to be the chief actor then, is he? I thought it must be me. Heigh-ho! I do wish it was over, it makes me fidgety."

At this moment Mr. Berrian re-entered the room, and behind him came, with hasty steps, a tall, dignified, handsome man.

"Beatrice, my dear child, your father!" he said.

Taken wholly by surprise, poor Beatrice clung, blushing and trembling, to Fanny, with her dark, gazelle-like eyes fixed with a beseeching gaze upon the advancing stranger with an air like that of a startled fawn, half fear, half confidence, and the rich color mantling her cheeks. Never had she looked more beautiful. But as he silently opened his arms to her Nature asserted her claim. The intended speech was forgotten; not even "Oh, my beloved father!" came from the trembling red lips, as, springing forward, she was clasped to the heart of the parent who had so long and so vainly sought for his lost child.

"There, now; you see I was right after all," said Mrs. Mathews, confidentially to Fanny, half an hour afterward. "You see there wasn't no need of speechifying, and I knowed there wouldn't be. Laws, no! words ain't nothing at sich times. There wasn't a word spoken between 'um; and I'll wage they are both just as well satisfied as if each of 'em had delivered a Fourth of July oration at the other."

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter being approved for something, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter! That crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls. These may be hung on the neck of any woman, but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full-blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell.

☞ As to religious controversy, we will set an example worthy of all imitation, by saying nothing about it, further than to refer the curious in such matters to the tomb of Sir Henry Wotton, in the chapel at Eton, wherein is the following inscription: "Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus auctor:—*Disputandi pruritus Ecclesiæ scabies.*" "Here lies the first author of this sentence:—*The itch of disputation is the scab of the Church.*"

☞ The editor of the Arcostook Pioneer has been waited upon by two ladies whose united weight was 416 pounds. Fortunately for him their visit was a friendly one.

WHAT COMPROMISE WITH THE REBELS MEANS.

The agents of secession, who are now laboring at the North for compromise and peace, profess to be working in the interest of the Union, and wish what Fernando Wood would call "a single eye" to its restoration. But we would once more warn those whom they are about to supply with their "political information," that compromise or peace upon any other terms than the naked, unconditional submission of the South, would be just as fatal to the Union as if we acknowledge the independence of the Confederacy to-morrow. This is a fact which some simple people, bewildered by bombastic effusions about liberty and the Constitution, are beginning to forget, but if we all forget it, we do so at the risk of destruction as utter and complete as ever overtook any nation. "Nothing," says Burke, "is so rash as fear, and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely put off, whilst they are always sure to aggravate the evils from which they would fly." We shall not be cheated by our fears into the notion that it is possible for us to abate, or to offer to abate, one jot of the claims we took up arms to assert. Our fate—a hard fate many no doubt think it—has saddled us with the fate of putting down the southern rebellion, and we cannot escape it by the sacrifice of any part of our pretensions. We must give up all or nothing.

One moment's consideration of what we concede, if we compromise with Davis and his associates, will make this apparent. We concede, in the first place, the under our system of government, minorities may, whenever the occasion seems in their judgment to require it, take up arms in resistance to the will of the constitutional majority, as exercised at the polls. To compromise with the rebels would be to admit the legality of their present position, and this once admitted, every Presidential election and every vote in Congress, would be a mere farce, as no one would be bound to abide by the result. This would be an end to the Union just as complete and final as if we had disbanded our army and made our bow to the rebel President. What we gain by the Union, and what the Union means, is the consolidation and union of the entire people of this Republic, under all circumstances and against all attacks. All other things, such as uniformity of currency, the freedom of internal trade, community of privileges for the citizens of each state in every other state, the security, perhaps, by such treaties of commerce as Mr. Foote, of the rebel Senate, now offers to the Northwest as the price of its defection, as by the U. S. Constitution as he interprets it. Our people could trade, travel, and intermarry, make railroads, run steamers, as well if the states were all separate, as they do now. To be sure we should be constantly exposed to war arising out of disputes about boundaries and claims, and differences of opinion upon all sorts of subjects. But so should we be in the Union into which it is gravely proposed we should enter. We should run the risk of civil war after every Presidential election, after the passage of every Act of Congress; on every attempt to levy a tax or execute a writ; because we should have solemnly admitted as a fundamental principle of our polity that the decision of no constituted body was final or binding.

The one on which was most active in bringing about the substitution of the present Constitution for the old "Articles of Confederation," was the position in which the latter placed us towards Foreign Powers. Our inability to support our foreign policy by a display of united National force, had brought us into universal contempt. Great Britain refused to carry out the treaty of peace, and laughed at our remonstrances; our flag was insulted with impunity in every foreign port; our citizens travelling in foreign countries, were much in the same position of those of our colored people who went to Europe in the reign of Mr. Buchanan.

The need their safety and comfort to the humanity and politeness of strangers, but not to their passports. The pirates of the Mediterranean looked upon our ships and crews as their private spoil, because we had no navy to punish them, and we had no money to pay them their black mail. It was from this position of intolerable degradation that the Constitution rescued us, and it did rescue us only because the world believed as we believed, that it indissolubly united us in peace or war, in weal or woe, and gave to the Government an indisputable and irresistible claim upon the purse and service of every able-bodied man in the country.

If, however, we make the slightest move toward compromise, we confess that we stand in the same position as before the Constitution was adopted, and that our competency to make war or peace, to borrow money or to pay it, depends on our securing every year, and for every week, the concurrence of thirty-three, or forty, or fifty states, which concurrence they are competent, at any moment, and for any reason to withhold. It is needless to say that Europe and the world would regard the admission of any such doctrine on our part as a future impediment to those collective, sustained, and often painful efforts, without which nationality cannot be, and never has been either founded or sustained, and they would treat us accordingly. What that treatment would be, we all know. We have only to look at Italy, at Poland, at Ireland, at Hungary and Mexico, to learn to what depths of sorrow and suffering and humiliation we should at last descend when we had worn out the patience or pity, or magnanimity of foreign powers.

There is a rule of municipal law which permits a party to a suit to make an offer of compromise without is being considered an admission of the justice of his adversary's claim. But we warn the public that the world acknowledges no such rule in the dealings of Government with rebels in arms. Any concession except that of pardon and oblivion in return for submission, is always construed as an acknowledgment of the justifiability of the insurrection. And this doctrine would be applied in double stringency to our dealings with the South, because our rebels have not simply revolted for the redress of a grievance, but for the assertion of the right to revolt, grievance or no grievance. If we ever acknowledge this, while we have a man left or a musket to put into his hands, we shall well deserve the fate which that acknowledgment will assuredly bring upon us, and history will record, for the instruction and amusement of posterity, that in the greatest crisis of our history we waged war like lions against an enemy one-fourth of our own number, and then at the close of the second campaign we negotiated like asses, and made a peace which put an end to our National existence.—*New York Times.*

A THREATENING insurrection has broken out in Poland, in consequence, as was supposed, of the conscription which had recently taken place there. Two thousand of the conscripts enrolled at Warsaw had deserted, but hostages were seized in their places.

NEARLY one million dollars in specie is on the way from San Francisco for the Government.

☞ THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING.—Fast young men smoke a great deal, for it is the nature of a Rake to have a quantity of Weeds about him.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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1 copy, one year,	$2.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, one year, (and one to the getter-up of the club,)	12.00
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WHO WANTS A SEWING MACHINE?

To any one sending thirty subscriptions and $60, we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines, such as they sell for $45. The machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

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Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive the papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it in their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

REASONS FOR MY LOVE.

You ask a reason for my love?
The best that I can give, d'you see,
Is, that, all other men above,
My love loves me.

She is not beautiful, I know,
Nor learned, as one may quickly see;
But then, howe'er the seasons go,
She still loves me.

Tell her that I have naught to boast,
No wealth, no name, and, heedless, she
Will smile, when you have said your most,
And still love me.

I care not for your brilliant eyes,
Your form so fine, your manner free,
I boast, and boast a dearer prize—
Her love for me.

And all I say, and all I do,
Is simply done and said, that she
Who loved me long, and loved me so,
May still love me.

☞ On the exhaustion and fiscal weakness of the South we have a significant proof in the fact that for every dollar spent by them in the war they have not been able to raise more than three cents by taxation.

☞ I had occasion some time ago to visit West Linton, to examine the session records. Going to the minister's house, he told me several anecdotes relating to one of the earliest of our ministers—Mr. Mair. He was a rather short-tempered, and had a wife, named Rebecca, whom, for brevity's sake, he addressed "Becky." He kept a diary, and among other entries this one was very frequent—"Becky and I had a ripper—for which I desire to be humble." I went to Edinburgh the same day, and told the story to a minister and his wife there, and the latter replied—"Weel, he must have been an excellent man, Mr. Mair. My husband and I sometimes, too, have 'rippets,' but catch him if he's ever humble."—*Speech at a Social Soiree.*

☞ A red-headed lover, in writing to his red-headed girl, should take great care in wording his letters. The less said about "mutual flame" the better. We once knew a wedding postponed six years by such an allusion.

☞ The sons of princes usually learn everything right, except to ride. In all their children's exercises, every one bends and yields to them but a horse, that is neither a flatterer nor a courtier, throws a king's son as unceremoniously as a porter's.

☞ SURPRISED.—A traveller was tempted to go into a cook-shop by this inscription:—"Roast and boiled at fourpence per head." He was a little astonished by two courses of potatoes.

Marriage of General Thomas Thumb AND LAVINIA WARREN.

For the benefit of our readers who take an interest in the fortunes of these small celebrities, we copy from the New York Express the following account:—

The marriage took place in Grace Church. The guests invited to the ceremony commenced to arrive about seven o'clock, and by three-quarters of an hour after the edifice was crammed. Vehicle after vehicle appeared, leaving its fair load of beautiful ladies and consorts, and beaux to be conducted by the police to the porch. The dresses in which the majority of the guests appeared were brilliant—wreaths, tiaras, trinkets, wristlets and brooches, sparkling with diamonds, rubies, pearls, emeralds, and other gems, invested with coronal splendor.

The buildings around the church were crowded with spectators, and even the roofs were occupied. In Stewart's store-rooms the crowd was immense.

At noon, precisely, the tumult among the outside concourse, which verged to and fro like a wave, betokened the advent of the bridal party. An indescribable rush commenced as the carriages, at a brisk pace, proceeded past Ninth street, amid the applause and exclamations of thousands of feminine voices, who followed them, apparently losing all sense of the proprieties and decorum which should govern womanhood.

Aside from the unusually gay appearance of the congregation, the church presented its usual features, with the exception that fronting the altar a platform three feet high had been erected on the steps, in order to give a full view of the young couple as they stood up to breathe those vows which were to unite them through life, and until death alone should part them. The platform was covered with Brussels carpet, secured to the steps by gilt stair rods.

A few minutes after twelve the bridal party entered the church. They were placed by the relatives of both parties, and Phineas T. Barnum, Esq., immediately in front. A thrill of excitement arose, and notwithstanding the holy character of the place, the ladies stood on the seats, and, with outstretched necks, gazed on the middle aisle.

Commodore Nutt led the way, gallantly escorting the most tiny bit of femininity, the bridesmaid, little Miss Warren, the sister of the bride. Next came Tom Thumb, gallant and gay, with his little bride upon his arm; and then came the relatives and friends, who were severally given place.

In the meantime, the four tiny specimens of humanity ascended the little platform, while, without any delay, the officiating clergyman, Rev. Mr. Wiley, began to read the marriage service.

And here be it known, that however farcical and absurd the whole affair may have appeared hitherto, from the moment that the words—"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and the face of this company to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony"—from the moment that these words were said, everything was quiet and reverent, and the entire service was listened to amid the most profound attention.

The bridegroom repeated with clearness and distinctness the words set apart for him, and the bride—who was "given away" by her father, a tall and very respectable looking old gentleman—also appeared to be perfectly familiar with her part in the routine. Both bride and groom went through the ceremony with perfect ease and self-possession, but yet manifested an earnest seriousness which showed that to them, at least, it was no farce. The slightest levity on that part would have made the affair repulsive; but this was carefully avoided.

They were dressed most charmingly; the bride, completely enveloped in a magnificent veil, which fell over a rich white silk dress, never looked so well, while the little bridesmaid, in a white dress, dotted with tufts of pink lace, and with pink roses in her hair, attracted nearly as much attention. This little lady, now sixteen years old, is as much smaller than the bride as Commodore Nutt is compared with Tom Thumb.

Commodore Nutt, by the way, wore a very solemn expression of countenance during the service, but performed his part in a very elegant style. None of the participators in this novel affair appeared at all alarmed or agitated. There was no weeping, no fainting, none of the sentimental excitement customary on such occasions.

Rev. Dr. Taylor pronounced the benediction. The service was otherwise effectively read by Rev. Mr. Wiley.

After the ceremony, the little creatures marched down the middle aisle, entered a carriage, and were driven down Broadway to the Metropolitan Hotel. The carriage was surrounded at once by the eager crowd—now numbering about five thousand persons —but by the aid of the police was not detained. At the hotel, during the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Stratton held a reception, and exhibited their bridal presents.

It had been announced that Bishop Potter would officiate, but that Right Rev. Prelate yesterday came to the conclusion that the interests of Christianity would be better served by his abstaining from active participation in the matter. He was reluctant to share in the notoriety of the great little wedding.

So also was Mr. Brown, the sexton of the church, who, it is said, was of the opinion he stood that he had nothing to do with the arrangements and management of the wedding, so far as the interior of the church was concerned.

The next day the bridal party visited Philadelphia, where they held a reception at the Continental Hotel. They left for Washington the next morning. They will soon proceed to Bridgeport, Conn., the former residence of the fifth-place of the General, where a public reception will be given, and from thence to Middleboro', Mass., the native place of Mrs. Stratton, where a like reception will be held. A visit to Europe is contemplated in a few weeks.

The General was born at Bridgeport, Conn., on the 4th of January, 1838, and consequently 25 years of age last January. At his birth he weighed nine pounds and a half, so that he did fair to become a bouncing boy. He grew slowly till until he attained the age of eighteen months, when nature put a veto on his upward progress, and ordered him for ever afterwards to remain in *statu quo*. When he was two years old, persons fancied that he had not grown an inch for some time; measures were resorted to for the purpose of ascertaining his stationary condition, but although in every other respect he improved with rapidity, not a hair's breadth was added to his stature.

His appetite increased, he never complained of illness, but partook freely of ordinary food, enjoyed refreshing sleep, and in all ways enjoyed perfect health, with the exception of those slight colds to which the most robust are liable. His parents have had other children, who are of the ordinary size. In fact, there is nothing in his history or appearance, or in that of his family, which furnishes the slightest clue to the astonishing phenomena which are presented by his miniature features and form.

He began up his growing operations only after he had reached the height of thirty-one inches, and a weight of twenty-nine pounds. At the age of seventeen Barnum, the showman, first heard him out, and brought him out; and has kept him out ever since.

The queen of beauty, Miss Lavinia Warren, is a native of Middleboro', Mass., where she was born on Oct. 31st, 1842. She is the child of ordinary sized person, and has brothers and sisters of customary dimensions. She has, however, a little sister, Minnie Warren, who, though sixteen years of age, is the smallest woman in the world. The little queen, until she became of years old, grew as children generally do; but from that time she limited her stature slowly, and ceased growing entirely when she was ten years of age.

She attended school regularly, around no difficulty in keeping up with them—in fact, she led the class. At home, her mother taught her to sew, knit, cook, and do number of housework, making her really good housekeeper. She also has a knowge of fancy work practised by ladies who fe the leisure to devote themselves to it. She is a wood, in accomplished lady,—intelligent, pleasant, modest, and agreeable. She very lively in conversation, and speaks in all the confidence, and even wit, of accomplished and talented woman. She fond of poetry, music, eloquence, and the arts generally.

But a few months since she was discovered by Mr. Barnum, and, though on three of departure for Europe, engaged her to him for a brief exhibition at the Museum.

The first really suspicious marre of little people of which we have any knowledge, was that of Mr. Gibson and Mishepard. They were not so very smallower; they each measured three ten inches in height, and the gentleman is an extinct species. He taught parties the daughters of James II. They seemed have lived the usual checkered life of ried people, and had nine children, five whom lived, and attained the ordinary size men and women. Gibson died in 1690, his wife twenty years later, at the ripe age of eighty-nine.

A BARE-FACED JOKE.

Many of our readers will doubtless relect the amusing incident in Warren's "Ten sand a Year," in which Mr. Timous ishing to show himself off to the utmost vantage by increasing his personal charms chased a bottle of patent hair dye, and on applying it, found out, to his intense or, that instead of his hair becoming a rich he was the fortunate possessor of an exant pea-green wig. An equally ludicrous took place in a town not a hundred miles from Collompton, last week, the heroine as in the above-mentioned tale, a kn of the yard. Being wishful to obtain a ite appendage to his face, that he might the greater impression on the hearts of the ones of Collompton, he applied to a to procure him some "whisker seed." he friend obtained it. It was promptly sown, and a slight irritation on the cheeks of this proclaimed the charm was working. By some terrible mistake (?) the simple turned out to be hair dye, and his dist and rage may be imagined when he hi his face slowly but surely becoming ck. scrubbing was of no avail. Lavish applications of soap and water proved utter ve- less—He was a marked man. A night repaired to another friend, but he pro equally as false as the former one, and r submitting to another operation, discov that he was ten times worse, if possible, before. Feeling, forsooth, rebelling inde nable obscurity, is now only visible after shades of night have fallen, and remai melancholy example of trusting to friends, and a sad warning to all such sim youths as are desirous of obtaining which nature has not conferred, to gr their innocent faces.—*Pulman's News.*

WIDOWS SHOULD NOT BE IN A HURRY.—A war widow residing in Plymouth C whose husband was killed (by the reporter in one of the battles last summer, deeply lamented the loss. Time, which effaces all the work of the sculptor's chisel and r dearest affections of the human heart, caus the young widow to forget her sorrow, an leaving nothing but two fatherless childr to remind her of him who had once been dearer to her than life itself. An opportu nity presenting itself, she doffed her weeds assuaged her grief at the fount of matrimony and forgot her former partner in joy s loving herself a new conquest. But alas for connubial felicity; the happy pair had passed but five days of married life when a letter was received from her former husband, stating that he was still alive, though confined in a hospital and suffering from wounds received in the battle in which he was supposed to have been killed.—*Abington Standard.*

The Newburyport Herald relates a similar case as occurring in that city, only the wife had the good fortune to learn that her husband was alive just before the time appointed for her second marriage, for which full preparation had been made.

A POPULAR ERROR.—When gold is at 50 per cent. premium we frequently hear parties say that a paper dollar is only worth 50 cents, and that it depreciates to an equal amount with the rise of gold. This is a popular error, and arises from a confounding of premium and discount. Fifty per cent. taken from an article is much greater than the addition of that amount. If we add 50 per cent. to 10 it makes it 15, or *one third* more; if we deduct 50 per cent. it reduces it to 5, or *one half*. So a paper dollar when gold is worth 50 per cent. premium, is worth 66⅔ cents, instead of 50; and when gold is at 90, it is worth 62½ cents instead of 40. The reverse is the simple way if stating the case. Five gold dollars at 160 are equal to eight paper dollars at 100; hence each paper dollar is just five-eighths of the other, or 62½ cts. But the premium on gold is now a test of the value of the Bank and government circulation. The premium varies from day to day, according to the caprice of the brokers and speculators, and it is absurd to quote the results of their alternate inflations and depressions, based on constantly changing circumstances, as a standard of value.—*Exchange paper.*

FROST BITE.—In a late number of the British American Journal there is an article by Dr. Smith on the treatment of frost bite. His own plan, which he says has been approved by a large experience, is, after applying cold water or snow for a few minutes, to immerse the frozen part in warm water containing a sufficient quantity of ground pepper or mustard; as one or the other of these articles is to be found in almost every house, it is consequently always available. If portions of the ears or face are affected, pieces of flannel coming out of the hot liquid are to be applied and frequently replaced until circulation is restored. In a few minutes a tingling sensation will be felt; and in a short time vitality will be restored, unless the frost has penetrated too deeply. If the whole thickness of a member was frozen, including the principal blood vessels and bone, no treatment can restore vitality.

☞ "I haven't another word to say, sir—I never dispute with fools." "No," was the reply, "you are very sure to agree with them."

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

Notwithstanding the war is one of hatred, and waged with rancor and detestation on one side, and determination and disgust on the other, it has not been wanting in romantic incidents in which the future romancer will not fail to dip his imaginative pencil. One of these little episodes lately transpired in the vicinity of the Yazoo. A wealthy widow lady—strongly secesh, and the owner of over two hundred human chattels, which she put to gun off to the interior early in the war—by the name of Harris, is the heroine of the story, and the hero is found in the person of Captain Sutherland, commanding the steamer Queen of the West, Col. Ellet's flag-ship. The widow is thirty, gay and dashing, and not unhandsome—so say my informants—and the Captain neither so old or so gay, but perhaps as reckless and daring a sprit as the North has brought forth. He is also a true blue American—a Unionist in every sense of the term. He has participated in several battles, with honor to himself and his country's cause.

On the occasion of a late trip down the Mississippi, when in the vicinity of Shipwith Landing, Captain Sutherland's boat was hailed by a contraband with more than usual pertinacity, and also, as the Captain thought, with more than the usual display of white linen. As he could not, as a matter of fact, the man was brought to and a conversation was had with the colored person. He said, in substance, that the "guerillas had been 'round dar and burned most of de plantation, and his missus was mighty frid hers would suffer." Finding there was a woman in the case, the Captain ordered out a plank and went ashore alone. What transpires at the dwelling, situated near the shore, can only be guessed at from the sequel. The Captain returned alone, sent out a few men, and in a few minutes the widow mistress, in the presence of a lady were upon the black guards of the Queen. The Captain then went on shore again, and presently reappeared, accompanied by a lady *in propria personæ*. There were no "incumbrances," as nothing a single darked servant. The Captain escorted the female—introduced to the officers as Mrs. Harris—to his own commodious stateroom, which he cleverly vacated in her favor, and the boat pursued her course to the fleet, then lying at the mouth of the Yazoo river. Arrived at his destination, Captain Sutherland reported his action to the Admiral, at the same time introducing the blushing and pretty widow. The gunboat Tyler was the scene of the introduction.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Harris was humanely and courteously received by Admiral Porter, as she had been by the captain and officers and crew. In fact, she was found to be a valuable acquisition to the rather dull mess of the Tyler. A pleasant, agreeable, witty, well-informed, and, withal, very sensible lady. Whether it was a case of love at first sight, I am not prepared to say, but I can truthfully relate that among all the gallant officers tending to the beck of Uncle Sam's gunboats on the Mississippi, Mrs. Harris saw none equal, in her eyes, to the young commander of the Queen of the West, who had earned her gratitude by saving her and her property from her friends, the guerillas. Either that I say what magic the Captain used to cause Mrs. Harris to renounce her allegiance to Jeff. Davis's Confederacy, and gradually, but earnestly, espouse that of the Union. But strange as the conversion may seem, it was accomplished, and within a few days there was a wedding celebrated on the Tyler. Captain Sutherland was the happy and fortunate groom, and the captured widow the not unwilling or unhappy bride.

The wedding came off on Friday, the 23d ult. An army Chaplain performed the ceremony in his best style. Captain Prichett, of the Tyler, giving away the bride. Admiral Porter and nearly every commissioned officer of the fleet were present, and the repast that followed the nuptials was a credit to the Steward, and was partaken of in a joyous spirit by the numerous and jolly company. It was on this same day that Colonel Warren lost his life, and while there was war, death, and weeping in one position that night, on board the Tyler, in consonance of the times, it remained, there were bright lights, merry faces, wine and laughter. Such are the contrasts almost every day brought to the pen of the correspondent.—*Cor. of the Phila. Inquirer.*

NEWS ITEMS.

THE ram "Queen of the West," after having run past Vicksburg, returned safely. Her trip was most successful. She met with three steamers, with provisions for the rebels at Vicksburg, and succeeded in sinking them. She took fifty-six prisoners, one of whom is a colonel. The Queen of the West went near enough to Port Hudson to draw fire from their upper battery.

THE 9th army corps, under Gen. Smith, is reported to have gone to Fortress Monroe.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT has sent in his official report upon the capture of the Harriet Lane by the rebels. He says that the surrender was a piece of cowardice.

THE Richmond papers now acknowledge the attack on the U. S. squadron at Galveston amounted to very little. No vessels were sunk or captured.

THE PRETENDER'S CHURCH.—A gentleman of rather a seedy overcoat on, some time since attended a funeral in the fashionable Roman Catholic Church, New York city. He took a prominent seat, but the ceremonious sexton pulling off in a free new rear the door. At the solemn but little Lieutenant, wearing an elegant new uniform, was graciously shown to a more genteel seat. On the congregation rising at the sprinkling of a hymn, the seedy overcoat gentleman was removed, displaying the Lieutenant-straps of a Major-General. Urgent excuses were pressed on the distinguished one—prayer books, offers of a better seat, but Gen. Banks quietly declined these proffers, and quietly meditated his devotions in the free pew near the door.

ANOMAN, living alone in the Rue des Tanneurs, at Liege, was found, a few days ago, hanging by one hand from the ceiling of a room in an upper story, and quite dead. He had employed himself in descending from a loft above, where she had been to fetch wood—the trap-door had accidentally shut down on her hand, and being unable to release herself, she had hung there in dreadful agony till death put an end to her sufferings.

Also a lot of contraband goods bound Southward at Baltimore on the 26th inst., were seven trunks filled with tin-ware and cutlery. The detention of these trunks will cause considerable number of lives among the rebels!

REMARKABLE ESCAPES.—Capt. Buford of Gen. Blenden's staff and a remarkable escape. Mr. Buford, in descending from a loft-window, fell fairly on the breast above the heart, and landed completely without performing the feat. He picked it out of his stomach with his fists. He did not wear a coat of mail. The ball of the Eighty-sixth Indiana fell was it dead aim. A ball struck him fairly over heart, and knocked him off his horse without hurting him. He mounted and proceeded right.

CONFLAGRATION IN NEW ORLEANS.—It is stated that General Butler has charged himself in account with the War Department, with one million and eighty-eight thousand dollars, having been received by him from military assessments and confiscations.

NEW ORLEANS IRON CLADS TO BE BUILT.—In a few days, proposals will be issued for the construction of three enormous ocean iron-clad men-of-war, similar to the Dictator and Puritan, now in the course of construction in this neighborhood. They will be over 400 feet long, and much more formidable than either the Warrior or Gloire. The iron armor the turrets will be no less than two feet thick, and the outside bow, which will be of iron, will be as sharp as the blade of a knife. The battery will surpass anything hitherto conceived. If present indications can be relied on, our ordnance people will be able to cast a 20 inch gun, which can discharge a half ton weight of iron at a single shot. Two or more of these will be on board. As the crushing force of a 430-pound ball is 900 tons, the effect of the future ammunition may be imagined.

IT is stated that the British Secretary of War had forwarded instructions to the commanders of the batteries on each side of the Mersey, and of her Majesty's ship Majestic, in the confident that when the latter ship or George Griswold, with permission for the Lancashire operatives, enters the river, a salute of fifteen guns should be fired from the battery, and a salute of twenty-one guns from the Majestic.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour has been dull and drooping during the entire week, and holders generally more anxious to realize, only some 10,000 bbls having found buyers at $5,50@5,62½ for low grades and fair straight superfine; $6,87½@7,00 for extras; $7,50 @8 for family, the latter for fancy do, including about 1,000 bbls City mills extra, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the same range of prices, and high grade fancies at $8,50@9,00 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is very quiet, and offered at $4,75@5, without sales to any extent. Corn Meal continues very scarce, and Pennsylvania is wanted at $3,25. Brandywine is held at $4,75 ₱ bbl, Rockwood Meal sells slowly at $3,75@3 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off, and the limited receipts and sales prices have been about the same as last week, with sales of about 40,000 bushels, including 5,000 bushels prime Delaware at $1,60@1,61 for Western and Pennsylvania, in store, closing at $1,59 for prime, $1,73 for Southern do, and $1,75 to $2 for common and choice white, including about 15,000 bus Kentucky, mostly at the latter figure, delivered. Rye is quiet, rather lower, Pennsylvania selling at 91@92c, and Delaware at 92c. Corn is unsettled and drooping, and only about 15,000 bus have been sold to buyers at 81@83c for damp and prime dry ore lots, afloat and in the cars, closing very dull at 80@ 87c. Oats are unchanged, and some 40,000 bus Pennsylvania sold at 57@58c for Southern and 60@62c for heavy, ₱ 32 lbs. Of Barley sales are reported at $1,44@1,50 for Pennsylvania and Western, and Malt at $1,00.

PROVISIONS—There has been rather more doing in bbl Meats, and old Mess Pork has been taken to some extent as $14½@15, mostly at $14¾ ₱ bbl. New is held at $16@16,50, and Mess Beef at $13@13,50 ₱ bbl. 250 bbls Beef Hams sold at $16,62½ ₱ bbl. Dressed Hogs are better, and reported at $5@5½ for the 100 lbs. In Meats there is not much movement. Hams are quoted at 9@11c, and Shoulders at 6½@6¾c. Of green Meats the sales are mostly confined to Hams, including 800 bbls at 7½@8c for sugar-cured, in pickle, and Shoulders at 5¼@5¾c in salt. Nothing doing in Sides. Lard is quiet and selling moderately at 10¾@10¾c for bbls and tcs, and 11¾@12c for kegs. Country packed ranges at 9@10c. Butter is scarce, and moves off freely at 18@15c for packed, and 18@20c for Roll. Cheese is scarce and worth 12½@13c ₱ lb. Eggs are bringing 18c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been more active, and holders have put up their prices 60@5c ₱ lb, with more inquiry from spinners, and sales reach some 350 bales, in small lots, at 65@66c for inferior and ordinary, and 68@69c for middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are in limited demand, and firm at 8½@8¾c for Pots, and 9@9¼c ₱ lb for Pearls.

BARK—Quercitron continues scarce, and in request at a further advance, sales of about 100 hogsheads 1st No 1 having been made at $35@36 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet but firm.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good Yellow is held at 40@45c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is no change of price or demand, and the market is dull. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $5@5,25; Red Ash do $5@ 5,25; Red Ash do $5@5,25; Lehigh Lump do $5,50; Prepared do $5,50@6; by retail do 6@ 6,50. Schuylkill Prepared do, $6@6,50 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet but firm.

COFFEE—The market is firm but quiet, and about 500 bags, mostly Rio, found buyers at from 29 to 32c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER continues quiet at the advance. Of Yellow Metal the sales are moderate at 32c for Sheets and Bolts, on time, which is a further improvement.

FEATHERS are moving off in lots, as wanted, at 45@50c ₱ lb, the latter in a small way.

FISH—The market is firm, but not very active. Green Apples selling as wanted at $2@2,87½ ₱ bbl; Dried do at 6@6c; and unpeeled Peaches 6@10c ₱ lb, as to quality; peeled Peaches continue scarce and higher.

HAY is unchanged, and good Timothy is in steady demand at 85@90c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and the market is firm, but very quiet.

HOPS are better, the stock on sale being very light, and prices range at 25@30c ₱ lb, the latter for 1st sort Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is firm; some 1500 tons have been taken, in lots, at 33@35 for No 1 for home use, cash and time, and Blooms sold at 80, cash. Sales of 5000 tons are also reported to go West on terms kept private. Scotch Pig is held above the views of buyers. Of manufactured Iron the demand continues good, and prices of Bars and Rails tending upward.

LEAD is held for higher prices, with very little offering or selling, and 6½cts is wanted at 9½@ 9¾ lb.

LUMBER—There is very little movement as yet in the market, and no alteration to note in prices.

MOLASSES is firm, and 500 bbls Cuba sold at about 38c for clayed, and 40@43c for Muscovado, on time. New Orleans ranges at from 45 to 55c for old and new crop.

PLASTER is scarce and badly wanted; the last sale was at $4 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little offering, and 800 bags Rangoon sold at 2¾@2¾c ₱ lb, holders now ask more.

SEEDS—The demand for Clover seed has fallen off, and 4000 bus found buyers at 6½@6¾c ₱ bus, including about 1500 bus reclaimed seed from recent loads at 6¼@6½c. Timothy is better, and 500 bus sold at $2½@2¾ ₱ bus, mostly at the latter rate. Flaxseed is also better, with sales at $2,06@2,07½ ₱ bus. Of Red Top we note a sale of 30 bus at $1,75 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue firm and holders are not offering their stocks very freely at the rates now current. N E Rum is scarce at 50c. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, bbls selling slowly at 62@63c and drudge at 60@60c closing dull.

STARCHES are firm, the want of stock limiting operations to some 300 bbls Cuba and New Orleans, taken in small lots at 10@11c for the former. Holders for the latter, cash and four months, ask 12c. TALLOW is scarce and in request at a further advance; sales of city having been made at 11¾ @12c, and country at 11¾@12c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is more demand for both Leaf and Manufactured, and for the latter prices are firm and advancing, and the stock very light.

WOOL—The market has been quiet this week, the high views of holders checking business and limiting operations to a few small lots at 60@65c for coarse and medium, 70@75c for fine, and 75@ 80c for fine and extra fine. Pulled is scarce and wanted at very full rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1827 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 10½ cents ₱ lb. 90 Cows brought from $18 to 28 ₱ head. 2300 Sheep were sold at from 6¾ to 7¾ cts ₱ lb. 830 Hogs sold at from $6,75 to 7,25 ₱ cwt.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN. F. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 69 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, Nos. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

☞ NOVEL TREATMENT.—Jaundice proceeds from many myriads of little flies of a yellow color, which fly about the system. Now, to cure this, make the patient take a quantity of the ova of eggs of spiders. These eggs, when taken into the stomach, by the warmth of that organ, vivify and, being vivified, of course they immediately proceed to catch the flies. Thus the disease is cured; and then send the patient down to the sea side to wash all the cobwebs out of the system. This treatment is patented!

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JAMES H. SMITH, to Miss MAGGIE BRAND, both of this city.

On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE W. ELLIS, to Miss ELIZABETH BLAIR, both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov. by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, to Miss ANNA D. CAMP, both of this county.

On the 27th of Jan. by the Rev. Dent Gaston, JOSEPH CHRISTIAN, of Moorestown, N. J., to Miss MARGARET, eldest daughter of Geo. Potts, Esq., of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM LEUTHER, to Miss KATE V. BOSTWICK, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Henry, WILLIAM HACKNEY, of this city, to JULIA A. OVERHOLTZER, of Montgomery.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Crooke, Mr. WILLIAM B. CUSHIPPS, to Miss EMILY A. BRINKWORTH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, FANNIE H. daughter of E. Westcott and Esther A. Bailey.

On the 9th instant, ALICE, wife of Dennis Williams, and daughter of Richard Norris, Esq.

On the 10th instant, SUSANNA C. TAGGART, in his 84th year.

On the 9th instant, JOSEPH STEVENSON, in his 56th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JOHN ROBERTS, in his 32d year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH WILSON, in her 87th year.

On the 8th instant, SALLY A. BUCHER, in her 63d year.

On the 7th instant, JAMES H. SOLTS, son of Catharine and the late Robt. Solts, in his 24th year.

On the 7th instant, ANNIE M., PARKER, wife of Thos. M. Parker, in her 33d year.

On the 6th instant, CHRISTINA GOLDY, wife of John Rutherford, Sr. in her 90th year.

On the 6th instant, SARAH HALLAM, in her 32d year.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. REBECCA B. wife of Geo. Taylor, in her 59th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 14, 1863.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	5 dis
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Connecticut	2 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New England	par to 1 dis.
Delaware	3 dis.	New Jersey	1 dis.
Florida	30 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Georgia	20 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Illinois	1 dis.	North Western	10 dis.
Indiana	1 to 3 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Maine	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maryland	3 dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1 dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	1 dis.	Wisconsin	2 dis.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FOR THE

CARD PORTRAITS OF FRIENDS AND OTHERS.

Photographic Pictures are now taken so neatly, and are so cheap, as to leave no excuse for a neglect to gratify a relation or friend by leaving one's portrait in their hands. But photographs, singly or loose, will soon be lost, torn, warp, and lose their natural beauty. Hence the necessity of a Photograph Album, which is the crowning feature of the whole. It constitutes a "Family Record," for the display and proper preservation of the Card Photographs of the Family, or of friends and others, which for beauty of design and completeness of file, J. R. COX, of Newburyport, Mass., for a descriptive circular of terms, &c. They pay a life-ral salary, or allow commission, as the Agent may choose. feb7-6t

A REALLY VALUABLE MICROSCOPE, one that a child can use, sent free, by mail, on receipt of 38 cents.
Address S. WOODWARD,
Jan 17-3t P. O. Box 3373, Boston.

$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every county, at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new, cheap, Family Sewing Machines. S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.
jan3-3m

$60 A MONTH!—We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Portable Family Sewing Machines*, and other new, useful and curious articles. Circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.
jan3-3m

AGENTS!—A NEW ARTICLE! Something worthy of your attention! Full particulars free, or sample of article (worth 50 cts.) sent for 30 cents to those proposing to act as Agents. Address the inventor,
feb7-3t P. O. Box 12, Hawley, Pa.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT Whiskers or Moustaches?—MY AGENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
S. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., New York City.

THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c., supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post paid addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author.
NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.
ap26-6t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment required in advance.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

AT REDUCED PRICES,

OFFICE 508 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, February, 1863.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SILVER PLATED, with Full Case, Polished Rosewood,	$100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood,	85,00
Half Case, Paneled, Black Walnut,	70,00
Plain Table,	65,00
No. 2 MACHINE, PLAIN, with Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany,	$60,00
Half Case, Paneled,	55,00
Plain Table,	45,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

(The number 2, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—*see Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

DEACON & PETERSON,
Publishers Saturday Evening Post.)

WITHERS & PETERSON

39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Capital States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
ap 26-1y

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM
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B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, contains every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artificial operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unsurpassed perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few so suspected), and in every part of the Union. *Fifteen hundred* "B. Frank Palmer" sons, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world, attests the public value of these inventions. *40 per cent* "*Palmer Limbs*" *have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in need of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

N. B. If some parties perhaps have expired by limitation. Address as
B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct6-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Phila.

READER!—If you want employment, or if want the best (Two threaded) SEWING MACHINE ever manufactured, send to ISAAC M. ORR, 323 Congress St., Newburyport, Mass., for a descriptive circular of terms, &c. They pay a life-ral salary, or allow commission, as the Agent may choose. feb7-6t

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NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.
ap26-6t

IVY INSTITUTE,

PUGHTOWN, CHESTER CO., PA.

The next session will commence on the 6th of April, 1863. Terms for boarding and tuition for fourteen weeks $40.

For circulars address E. M. HAWLEY.
feb14-6t

RATS! RATS!! RATS!!!—For 25 cents we will send instructions that will decide any one to effectually exterminate from buildings every Rat—no poison used—they seek the open air immediately and die

Wit and Humor.

ONE OF THE WITNESSES.

Harper's Monthly tells the following:—

"At a Circuit Court a slender suit was on trial. A very candid-appearing witness testified to the speaking of the words charged on several occasions. Counsellor H——, an excitable attorney, cross-examined the witness fully without seemingly shaking his testimony, when, with emphasis, he put the question—

"'Witness, you are not on friendly terms with my client here, are you?'

"'Perfectly, sir, for aught I know,' said the witness, in the most undisturbed manner.

"'Perfectly, sir?' repeated H——, as he nervously reduced the answer to his minutes.

"'Do you swear, witness, that you have no hard feelings toward my client?' asked H——, in a highly-excited manner—'no hard feelings, sir?'

"'None that I am aware of,' said the witness, in the same quiet way; and the answer went nervously to the counsellor's notes.

"'Now, sir,' said H——, springing to his feet and shouting, 'didn't your cows get into his garden and eat his garden up?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the witness, calm as ever, 'but I did not lay up any hard feelings against him for that.'

"The counsellor and the house came down together."

AN AMERICAN GENERAL.

A worthy citizen of Boston was desirous of being presented at a royal ball, but lacked the costume. Military uniform or a court dress were then, as now, indispensable; and it was too late to get either. His more fortunate friends, "in full rig," took leave of him at his lodgings, with many expressions of regret that he could not accompany them. No sooner were they out of the house than he determined he would, at any rate, try the experiment. Within an hour he made his appearance at the door of the Throne Room at Versailles, arrayed in all the glory of his best blue coat, white vest, and nankeen trowsers. Here the horrified master of ceremonies stopped him, and, pointing to his nankeens, endeavored, by word and sign, to convince him that his dress was not *comme il faut*, and that he must retire. "Dress! dress!" said the traveller, "not pass! not enter! Why, it is the same dress I always wear in the General Court at Boston!" No sooner were the words uttered than the door flew open, and the obsequious valet, "booing and booing," preceded him, and announced in a loud voice, "Monsieur le Generale Court de Boston!" to the infinite amazement and amusement of his American friends, and the great delight of the new-made General.

MIND WHAT YOU SAY BEFORE CHILDREN.—A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed much pleasure in seeing him. One day, just after she had remarked to him her happiness from his visit, the little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked:

"Are you glad to see me, George?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Why not, my little man?"

"Because mother don't want you to come," said George.

Here the mother looked daggers at her little son, and her face became crimson, but he saw nothing.

"Indeed, how do you know that?"

"Because she said yesterday she wished that old bore would not call again!"

The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression that "truth is mighty and will prevail."

ARTEMUS NONPLUSSED.—In his new lecture Artemus Ward makes some fun of Dr. Windship, the New England "strong man," who advertises that he will lift twelve able-bodied men at one time, at the close of his lecture. "Artemus" travesties the muscular New Englander, by facetiously inviting twelve agreeable young ladies to the platform, stating that he will lift them one at a time or "perish in the attempt." That's pretty good; but out in Indiana, at a town rejoicing in the name of Nolan, the girls rather more than got even with him, for when he extended the aforesaid invitation, twelve fair damsels solemnly arose and advanced to the platform, and demurely arranged themselves to be "lifted." The audience gave a regular Hoosier scream, but the showman failed to say anything particularly funny. He didn't lift 'em.

BIBLICAL TEACHINGS.—A little girl lost a friend by death—her name was Katy. "I'm so sorry Katy is dead," she said to one of the members of the family, "for now I can't play with her any more. Yes, I can, too," she continued, looking up with animation, "when I get to Heaven, though they don't play on anything but harps there. At any rate, I'll go and sit right down by her side, the first thing after I get there. Oh, no, I can't," and she lowered her voice to a regretful tone—"I shall have to sit down side of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob first."

WAKING THE DEAD.—"Pat, what the deuce are you kicking up such a confounded row here for? You are making noise enough to wake the dead!" exclaimed a policeman to an Irishman, in whose house were being held the services preparatory to the burial of one of the inmates.

"Noise enough to *wake the dead*, is it? Be-dad! an' that's what we're up to, d'ye see?" returned the innocent native of the Green Isle.

☞ A fireman once related an adventure in which he found himself in a rich saloon, surrounded by wealth and fine company. "I didn't know myself until I felt in my pocket, and found 'em empty."

☞ "Come, cheer on," as the ram said to the [illegible] butting off his rival.

THE YEAR'S END.

BY MISS MULOCH.

So grows the rising year, and so declines,
By months, weeks, days, unto its peaceful end;
Even as by slow and ever-varying signs,
Through childhood, youth, our solemn steps we bend
Up to the crown of life, and thence descend.

Great Father, who of every one takest care,
From him on whom fall ninety years are piled,
To the young babe, just taught to lisp a prayer
About the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
Who children loves, being once himself a child—

Oh! make us day by day like Him to grow;
More pure and good, more dutiful and meek;
Because He loves those who obey Him so;
Because His love is the best thing to seek;
Because without His love all loves are weak—

All earthly joys are miserable and poor,
All earthly goodness quickly droops and dies,
Like rootless flowers you plant in gardens—sure
That they will flourish—till, in midday skies,
The sun burns, and they fade before your eyes.

Oh, God! who art alone the life and light
Of this strange world, to which as babes we come,
Keep Thou us always children in Thy sight;
Guide us from year to year, through shine and gloom,
And at our year's end, Father, take us home.

MR. PETHERICK'S TURKISH BATH.

When I had taken possession of the house assigned to me, feeling irritable and feverish after the fatigue of the journey, I suggested to Ibrahim Effendi that a Turkish bath would be a great luxury. He said that he would order one; and leaving the room, he presently returned, telling me that he had given instructions for a bath to be brought to me in the evening.

A Turkish bath to be brought to me! What did he mean? Oh! it was not the kind of bath in use in Egypt, but of a portable description, which would answer my purpose just as well, and which I must be content with, as there were no public baths, as in Egypt, in the town.

The scuba or supper, having been served at about seven P. M., a couple of hours later, feeling weary, and inclining to retire for the night, our old landlady entering, announced that the bath had arrived, on which Ibrahim Effendi, who had kept me company, retired to his apartments on the opposite side of the way.

The old woman who had disappeared, now returned in company with a young woman, attired in a "ferde," or large scarf of white muslin, relieved with red fancy borderings, and as black in the face as night, furnishing sufficient proofs of her negro descent; this damsel held in one hand a wooden bowl, and in the other a tea-cup. The old lady, wishing me a good night, replied to my question as to where the bath was, by pointing to the objects in the girl's hands, saying: "These, sir, constitute the bath, and this negress will apply them."

Curious to learn how I was to bathe in so small a vessel as either of those produced, on examining them, and questioning the sable maid, I found that the wooden bowl contained dough, and the cup a small quantity of sweet oil, scented with aromatic roots; the former of these well rubbed on the bare skin, cleansed it; after which the perfumed oil was applied, the whole operation being called the "dilka."

After a little consideration, although not much liking the idea of being smeared with oil, I submitted to the operation, and found its effects much less unpleasant than I anticipated. The following morning I awoke quite revived; the feverishness had entirely subsided; and with a calm pulse I felt a universal cool and refreshing sensation through my limbs and body.

IMPERSONATION OF COMMON THINGS.—The wind is a musician! We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing on a single string! It tries almost everything upon earth, to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree, till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and wind up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, and goes up, perhaps, to the stars, that love music most and sang it the first. Then how fondly it haunts old houses; moaning under the eves, singing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and sighing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

SOLITUDE AND TEMPTATION.—Luther says solitude is favorable to temptation; therefore when the enemy would so harrass you as nearly to exhaust your spiritual life, as soon as possible leave all and hurry to see some poor, afflicted one, not saying a word about your own trouble, but entering fully into theirs, and you will thus drop your burden. Perhaps the next time you see that friend you will be cheered with the knowledge that you greatly comfort her at that time, when you thought your own sorrow the heaviest.

☞ "Herbert, my darling," said a fond mother to her son, "I've not seen your book for several days or more—where is it?" "I know where it is." "Well, where?" "Why, it's only lost a little—kinder in the barn, or round out doors, som'ares, I guess, p'raps up garret, or landed the wood pile—I guess."

THE TELEGRAPH.

"INVALUABLE TO MEN OF BUSINESS."

FIRST PARTNER (TO SECOND DITTO).—"What an age we live in! Talk of the introduction of Steam or of Gas! Just look at the facilities afforded us by Electricity. It is now Saturday, and we are in Philadelphia—and this message was sent from Washington only last Monday!"

ANECDOTE OF PITT.

Pitt was an unfortunate statesman; but he had a lofty eloquence, capacious views, and a noble mind. Sir Walter Farquhar calling one day, the premier observed him to be unusually ruffled.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the patient.

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Sir Walter, "I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment for a young gentleman by no means qualified, in point of rank or fortune, to be my son-in-law."

"Now let me say one word in the young lady's behalf," returned the minister. "Is the young man you mention of respectable family?"

"He is."

"Is he respectable in himself?"

"He is."

"Has he the manners and education of a gentleman?"

"He has."

"Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You are well acquainted with the delusions of life. Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities than I have of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place; and I will not be unmindful that I had the honor of recommending it."

The physician followed the direction of his patient; the lovers were united; and the patronage of the minister testified his satisfaction.—*Life of Pitt.*

"SOME" NAMES.—Seventy years ago it was common on Long Island and in Connecticut to give children for *names* a whole text of Scripture. Thus, Mr. Crabb named a child, "Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-Heaven Crabb." The child went by the name of *Tribby*. Scores of such names could be cited. The practice of giving long and curious names is not yet out of date. In Saybrook, Connecticut, is a family by the name of Beman, whose children are successively named as follows:

1. Jonathan Hubbard Lubbard Lombard Hunk Dan Dunk Peter Jacobus Laskany Christian Beman.
2. Prince Frederick Henry Jacobus Zachaeus Christian Beman.
3. Queen Caroline Sarah Rogers Ruhamah Christian Beman.
4. Charity Precious Ruth Grace Mercy Truth Faith and Hope and Peace pursue I'll have no more to do for that will go clear through Christian Beman.

☞ We once heard a person tell of a fright he once received from a big dog. "I lost my flesh," said he, "at the rate of ten pounds a minute, till the owner came and called him off."

Agricultural.

IMPORTANT HINTS.

If we obtain a vessel filled with warm or tepid water, and place in it a small portion of sulphate of iron, the appearance of the water will remain unchanged for some time, but after a while a scum will be formed on the surface, which will gradually assume a rusty iron color.

There is a great deal of our low or flat land which is in the same condition as the water above mentioned; it contains sulphate of iron in the same manner as does the water. The water takes up the iron from the soil, brings it to the surface, and after a short contact with the atmosphere, the iron absorbs oxygen, and makes its appearance on the top of the water in the form of a black scum or skin.

This sulphate of iron is poison to all vegetables in a greater or less degree, but more especially to fruit trees, and hence such land is barren and produces such scanty vegetation, and only such as can find its food on the surface of the soil, from which the iron has been washed by the rains.

To remedy this defect two things are necessary—to remove the surplus water, and to remove or decompose the sulphate of iron; the first may be accomplished by draining, and this will also remove a portion of the sulphate from the soil. But the sulphate of iron is composed of two substances (sulphuric acid and iron) which in a separate state are beneficial to vegetation, therefore it is more economical to separate them than to allow them to be carried off by the water.

We fortunately have a substance at our command which will not only separate them, but will also form an excellent stimulant. Lime, when added (the fresher the better,) will decompose the sulphate of iron and appropriate to itself the sulphuric acid, forming a sulphate of lime, and the iron being thus set free, will absorb oxygen and become an oxide, in which form it is not detrimental to any crop, but is beneficial to many, and particularly to fruit trees.

The lime should be added while in the caustic state if possible, as soon as it is fine enough, at the rate of sixty or seventy bushels to the acre.

This treatment will enable the soil to produce large crops of corn, wheat and buckwheat, but is not good for oats, from some cause which I cannot determine.

The ground, after being broken up, should be planted with buckwheat or corn for several years, to keep down the weeds which would otherwise spring up. Ashes from the limekiln will form a valuable dressing for such land.—*Agricola, in Germantown Telegraph.*

FERMENTING BONES.—The Irish Farmer's Gazette gives the following inquiry and answer on this subject:—

A correspondent asks—If I put half a ton of bones, broken in 2 inch pieces, in the corner of a shed, heap clay, tan or turf mould on it, and form a hole in the top for pouring water, will the bones dissolve, and how long will it take? Will the smell be very offensive, and will it induce dogs to turn them about? What weight of superphate will it make when dried out? The bones will ferment in the way proposed, but they will do better if mixed with the earth, and ferment more equally if wet with water before covering with the clay than after, according to the state of the weather, and it may take from a fortnight to three weeks a month to decompose them. The coating of earth will keep down the smell, but you must keep any cracks that may appear in the covering closed. If dogs have access to the heap, there will be some danger of their pulling the heap about. A ton of bones may make in this way 1½ tons, or sometimes more.

CO-OPERATIVE FARMS.—"Co-operative farms," as they are sometimes called, are occasionally carried on in England by farm laborers themselves. A Suffolk printer writes to the London Times, that at 30 years ago he let a small farm to a body of 20 laborers, lending them capital without interest on their undertaking to farm subject to his rules and regulations. Within years they repaid this capital, and he another farm of 150 acres to 30 men on similar terms, who have also nearly repaid the amount loaned, enjoying at the same time numberless comforts never enjoyed before, and reducing the poor rates greatly. "Some 50 families are no longer burdens." He adds that he has no other land well farmed.

FLAX CULTURE IN CENTRAL ILL.—The people of Central Ohio are prepared to raise a large quantity of flax the coming season. It is said the present price of 35 cents will fully reimburse for the whole labor and cost of raising a crop of flax; and as a great amount of land in the state unsuitable for any other crop, probably the paying most in any other way better improve that land.

HOEING HORSES.

FORMER SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Can we expect that a young horse will in all cases submit to an operation at once new to him and apparently dangerous? The person whom he is most accustomed should take him the shop, and he should be accompanied another and older horse. We do not attest to deny that after the habit of resistance formed, coercion will sometimes become but we *do claim* that nine of every ten hoe vicious to shoe, are made so by wrong ment during the first lessons at the fo No smith should be allowed to strike young horse, or use a twitch on him, before are few horses that cannot be shod wout serious trouble by mildness and firmness the operator; for so soon as they learn h no harm to them is meant, they will reh to their usual obedience. But let the resection of brutal treatment be connected th shoeing, and they are always restived frequently dangerous.

W. W. BURNAP.

MILK.

Milk has been so often analyzed that it would on no further facts could be elicited regard this important liquid. Prof. Boedeckens just completed a series of experiments conducted on quite a new principle. The ption he proposed to himself was, what milk, obtained at any hour of the day, rays presented the same chemical comption or not; and he has arrived at the sult that the milk of the evening is richer 3 per cent. than that of the morning, latter containing only 10 per cent. of solid matter, and the former 13 per cent. On the er hand, the water contained in milk dimishes by 3 per cent. in the course of the day; the morning it contains 89 per cent. of wa, and only 86 in the evening. The fatty particles increase gradually as the day wears. In the morning they amount to 2·17 cent.; at noon, to 2·63; and in the even to 3·43 per cent. This circumstance, if to would be very important in a practical int of view. Let us suppose a kilogramme of milk to yield only the sixth part of weight in butter; then the milk of the even may yield double that quantity. The case particles are also more abundant in the ening than in the morning—from 2·34 the crease to 2·70 per cent., but the quantity albumen diminishes from 0·44 to 0·31. The rum is less abundant at midnight than at on, being 4·19 per cent. in the former cand 4·72 in the last.—*London Times.*

Useful Receipts.

RE FOR NEURALGIA.—Half a drachm of cal ammoniac in an ounce of camphor rit; to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, the dose repeated at intervals of five utes if the pain be not relieved at once. s, says a contemporary, is believed the st effectual remedy ever discovered for this st painful malady.

HOW TO CURE A FELON.—A lady writes as lows:—Allow me a few lines in your colna, to give the public the benefit of the sperience of a score of my friends, in arrestg the progress of that painful disease called felon. When one of these painful tormentpears on the hand, apply a piece of rennet oaked in milk to the affected part, and renew application at brief intervals until relief found. The rennet may be obtained of any butcher. This article was first recommended to me by a skillful physician, now deceased. It has been tried in many cases under my observation, and has never yet failed to afford relief.

TO PREVENT CORNS.—Wear easy shoes; frequent bathing the feet in warm water, with a little salt or potash dissolved in it. The corn itself may be completely destroyed by rubbing it with a little caustic solution of potash. Lunar caustic, touched with a hair pencil, night and morning, also is good to cure corns.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—Sal ammoniac will remove them; also, lunar caustic.

FOR A WEAK BACK.—Take a beef's gall, pour it into 1 pint alcohol, and bathe frequently. It acts like a charm.

CURE FOR CORNS.—Bind a piece of sponge, moistened in a weak solution of pearlash, on going to bed. It is said that the skin may be brushed off in the morning, having been dissolved by the action of the caustic. I have been entirely cured by a poultice of bread and water, with a little laudanum and paregoric put in it, putting it on two nights at bed time.

SNOW CREAM.—Take the richest cream you can procure, season it with a few drops of essence of lemon, or syrup of lemon peal, and powdered white sugar, and if you choose a spoonful of preserve syrup, and just as you send it to table, stir in light newly-fallen snow till it is nearly as stiff as ice cream.

RICE FLUMMERY.—Rice that is ground coarse, in a hand mill, is much better for making flummery than the flour you buy; put 3 pints of milk to boil, mix with water 1 tea-cup of ground rice, and stir it in the milk when it boils; while the milk is cold put in 2 dozen peach kernels, blanched, and rolled with a bottle; wet your moulds with cold cream or water; keep stirring the rice till it is thick, when pour it out in the moulds; just before dinner turn them out on dishes, have cream, sugar and nutmeg mixed, to eat with it.

CONSUMPTION.—The Medical Reporter says that a consumptive patient, now under treatment, is taking cream with better effect than was experienced under the cod liver oil previously tried. Our advice is, for all who have or think they have consumption, to adopt a cream diet. Eat the pure, sweet cream abundantly, as much of it as the stomach will digest well. Eat it, believing it will cure, and we doubt not that it will prove quite as effectual as the purest cod-liver oil that can be bought.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 67 letters.
My 24, 5, 27, 31, 25, 26, 60, is to make known.
My 7, 10, 34, 6, 50, is a part of a knight's equipage.
My 9, 3, 65, 29, 66, 63, 36, 13, 52, holds the water used in cities.
My 27, 15, 21, 17, 37, 13, 31, is a building at Washington.
My 64, 55, 37, 3, 63, is a kind of vessel.
My 23, 8, 31, 58, is a celebrated college.
My 1, 38, 20, 18, 51, 5, 9, usually accompanies storms.
My 22, 45, 46, 57, 61, 26, is a part of a canal.
My 5, 47, 4, 59, 25, 60, 34, 9, signifies to try.
My 5, 67, 11, 9, 55, 12, 52, 34, 66, 50, 8, 26, 64, signifies better than common.
My 16, 66, 62, is a part of a fish.
My 19, 33, 35, 15, 40, 47, 6, 39, signifies to reject.
My 39, 33, 26, 45, is one of the pleasantest months in the year.
My 48, 18, 30, 56, 54, 58, are kinds of dogs.
My 41, 17, 43, 42, 39, are what grapes grow on.
My 44, 15, 8, 51, is a reptile.
My whole was one of the greatest benefits to the United States, and the date of its occurrence.

Albany. W. G. T.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in mist, but not in fog,
My 2d is in swamp, but not in bog,
My 3d is in lean, but not in fat,
My 4th is in mouse, but not in cat,
My 5th is in house, but not in hall,
My 6th is in sing, but not in bawl,
My 7th is in sharp, but not in dull,
My 8th is in scalp, but not in skull,
My 9th is in wheel, but not in tire,
My 10th is in pay, but not in hire,
My 11th is in seer, but not in sight,
My 12th is in eve, but not in night,
My whole is an official that acts just right.

Cincinnati, Ohio. JOS. ROSS, Jr.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire, I am a musical instrument. Behead and transpose me and I am a grain. Behead the grain and I am a pronoun.

Cincinnati. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bannale.	Am Garrot.
Dal.	Saloul.
Theid.	Gi I ras, M.
Ant he Sam.	Seydin.

Delavan, Ill. "IDA MARION."

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three farmers, A, B, and C are living, in respect to each other, on the three corners of a triangle. The distance between A and B is 104 perches, and A and C are living 120 perches apart; being connected by a straight public highway of that length between them. Now if a straight lane is made out from B to said highway between A and C, and meeting the same at right angles with it, it is found that the length of this lane will be one and one-third times the length of the distance from C to the place where said lane opens into the said road between A and C. From this, it is expected, the distance between B and C can be found by some rule of mathematics. Will any one return his answer to this Trigonometrical Problem?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a sphere of ice 30 feet in diameter. How many revolutions per minute must it be caused to make about its axis so that if it suddenly becomes a fluid it may assume the form of an oblate spheroid whose axis are as 4 to 5?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended? Ans.—Because it attempts to circulate in veins.

☞ What is the difference between one who walks and one who locks up a flight of stairs? Ans.—One steps up stairs, and the other stairs up steps.

☞ By putting its eye out, what leaves nothing but a nose? Ans.—Noise.

☞ What two letters of the alphabet are supposed to have eyes? Ans.—A and B, because A B see (C) D.

☞ Why are the letters B and D like England and France? Ans.—Because there is a sea (C) between them.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MUSICAL ENIGMA—

"Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised
In the City of our God in the mountain of His holiness."

CHARADE—Frill (rill, ill.) CHARADE—New York. ANAGRAMS—Daniel Morgan, Cleopatra, Israel Putnam, Manlius, William Penn, Franklin Pierce, Lysander, Aristotle, James Lawrence, Epaminondas, Richard Coeur de Lion, Sir Isaac Newton, Nathaniel Greene, Andrew Pickens, Roger Bacon, Agathocles, Antipater, Leonidas Peloponidas, Stephen Decatur, and Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published Jan. 10. The radius of the greatest sphere is 3·0038 feet, and the radius of the next one above it is 2·3797 feet. Answered by Artemas Martin, Franklin, Venango Co., Pa., E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and R. Barto, Lebanon Co., Pa.

Answer to Artemas Martin's ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM, published Jan. 10. A travelled 5 miles an hour; B travelled 4 miles an hour, and C in 770 miles from D. R. BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

Answers to E. Hagerty's PROBLEMS, published Jan. 24. 1st. Its diameter is 17 1-7. 2d. The diameter of the 4th is 20, and the diameter of the 5th is 4. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Also answered by R. Barto.

Answer to Mr. Martin's PROBLEM, Jan. 17th. The centre is 65.94 perches from the centre of the greater circle, and 54.06 perches from the centre of the lesser circle, and there are 6 acres and 43 perches cut from each circle.

E. HAGERTY.

Baltimore.